

# 4MOST

FALL

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VOL. 5 Nº 4





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# 4-Thoughts & Afterthoughts

## The Editors Write:

Dear Readers,

How many of you were able to buy a copy of Summer 4MOST? Well, those of you who did get a copy can answer our question. How did you like the front cover? Remember that brightly colored underwater scene where Dick Cole is saving Simba? Our Art Department spent loads of time and extra work, as did our engravers, on this cover, so naturally we editors want to know whether it went over with a bang or not. Write and give us your opinions.

The football season is almost here, and Dick Cole and his Farr pals are back at school ahead of time to get in condition. Coach Bradly has the right idea; there is nothing to beat good outdoor exercise for keeping yourself fit—provided you are in good health.

Speaking of front covers. How do you like the football cover on this issue? That's Kit Carter out there, rushing through for a touchdown.

Here are lots of questions for you to answer in your next letters to us. Keep writing, gang.

Cordially yours,

The Editors

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the Spring edition of 4MOST, and I think that it is the best comic that has ever been published.

The person that brings "fame" to your comic is Dick Cole. He is just like a real person to all the people that read about him.

Edison Bell is another great person in your book and those inventions of his are great.

We would like two stories of Dick Cole.

Your comic fan,  
Walter McGraw  
Brooklyn, New York

*We would like to give you two Dick Cole stories, Walter, but for now we'll have to settle for the one long fourteen page story.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I really like 4MOST as well as the rest of my family. Dick Cole and Edison Bell are my favorites. In the 1946 Winter issue, I liked very much the suggestions for fixing up a room as a Pirates' Den. I am going to fix my room that way. I can hardly wait to see the next edition of 4MOST. I like the questions and answers, too.

Yours truly,  
Johnny Bradsher  
Armstrong, Missouri

*It's nice to hear that some of you readers are actually using Eddie Bell's suggestions that appear on the Gadget Page.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I am very much satisfied with 4MOST. The Edison Bell stories show us boys good ways of decorating our club houses. The last time, we decorated ours as a pirate's den. We had a lot of fun in it, thanks to 4MOST.

The boys up in Elm Grove thank you for this wonderful comic.

Yours sincerely,  
William L. Hadom  
Wheeling, W. Virginia

*Ship Ahoy! Another pirate's den, mates. Thanks for the letter, William. We are more than pleased*

*that you boys are so satisfied with 4MOST.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I am writing to tell you how much our basketball team likes 4MOST. When our team won the playoffs, our coach presented us each with a yearly subscription of 4MOST, and we all agreed that this was the best gift that could have been given to us.

We also think that you should have more of Dick Cole's athletic ability in the stories.

Yours truly,  
Michael J. Lederer  
Philadelphia, Pa.

*Dick Cole proves to be a pretty good athlete in the story in this issue, Michael.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

When I buy comic books, I always look for 4MOST. I think it is the most wonderful magazine girls and boys can read.

I especially like Dick Cole. He is always in action, and I like him on his adventurous trips.

Yours truly,  
Alahia Kakiuchi  
Imperial, California

*Thank you for your very nice letter, Alahia.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

My Dad has a store where he sells magazines, and I almost missed reading the last issue of 4MOST because of that. Out of all the 4MOST books he received, only one was left the next day. I don't know how I would have felt if I hadn't gotten to read it. Of course, I don't blame all the boys and girls for wanting to buy it, because it sure is worth it.

I agree completely with Ersel Broom, whose letter appears in the Spring issue of 4MOST. I think Eddie Bell is a "regular" guy even if he is smart.

Very truly yours,  
David Zelminovich  
Irvington, New Jersey

*Glad you got to read 4MOST in the nick of time, David. I hope you never have to miss an issue.*

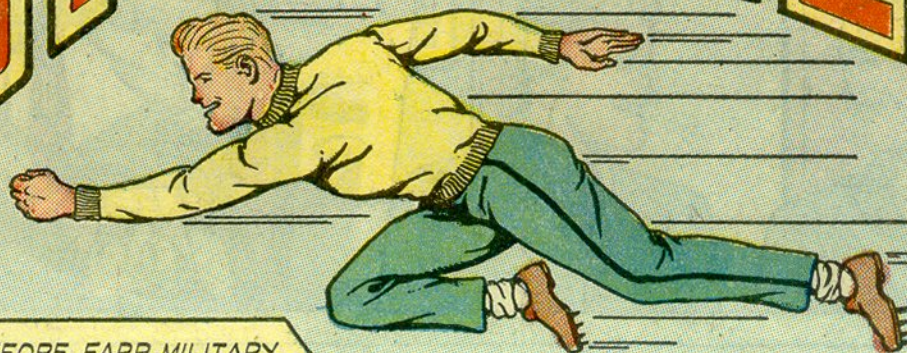
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\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

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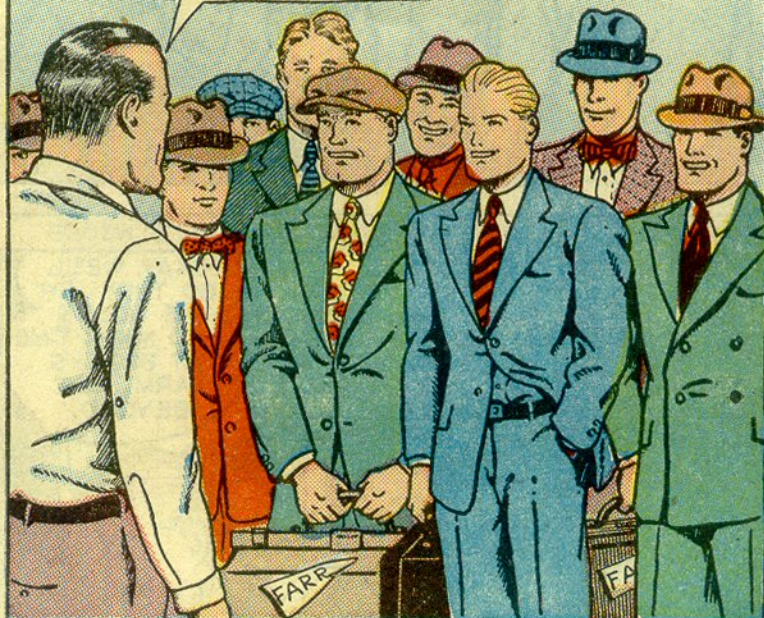
# DICK COLE



JIM WILCOX-

**E**VEN BEFORE FARR MILITARY ACADEMY OPENS FOR THE FALL TERM, COACH BRADLY SENDS OUT A CALL FOR DICK COLE, SIMBA KARNO, BARK HALL AND OTHER KEY MEMBERS OF THE FOOTBALL SQUAD. THE BOYS FIND COACH BRADLY WAITING FOR THEM WHEN THEY ARRIVE ON THE CAMPUS, THE LAST WEEK IN AUGUST.

WELCOME BACK, BOYS! I HOPE YOU ALL ARE IN GOOD SHAPE, BUT IF YOU AREN'T NOW, YOU CERTAINLY WILL BE BEFORE REGULAR SCRIMMAGING STARTS! I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!



THE FOOTBALL MATERIAL AT FARR IS VERY WEAK THIS YEAR, AND THE SCHEDULE IS THE TOUGHEST IN FARR HISTORY. YOU MEN WILL HAVE TO CARRY THE BURDEN...AND EVERY MAN MUST BE IN PERFECT CONDITION! REPORT 8:30 TOMORROW... WARM-UP TOGS...



①

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor  
Mel Cummin, Art Director; Helen Doig Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant  
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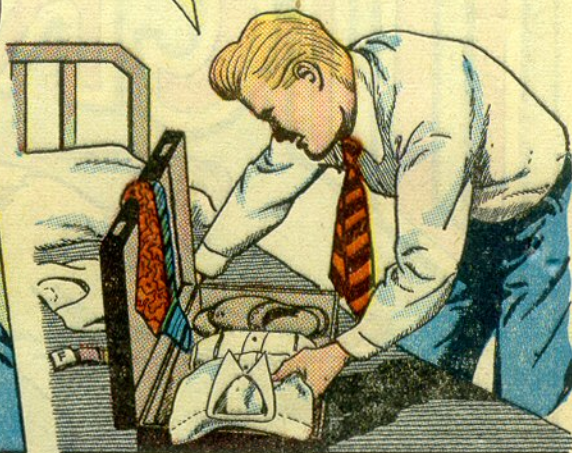
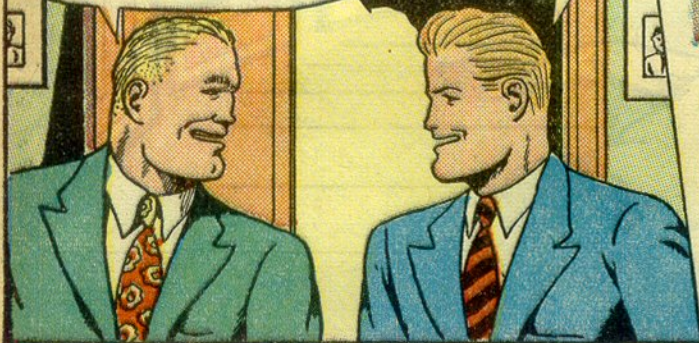


DISMISSED, THE CADETS DISPERSE TO THE DESERTED DORMITORIES TO UNPACK. DICK'S AND SIMBA'S ROOM...

ISN'T IT GREAT TO BE BACK AT FARR, DICK? AND JUST THINK, UNTIL SCHOOL OPENS, WE'RE OUR OWN BOSSES! NO STUDY, NO DRILL, NO NOTHING!

OH, YEAH? DON'T KID YOURSELF! IT WON'T BE SO SOFT, SIMBA, OLD BOY!

I'VE GOT A HUNCH COACH BRADLEY WILL KEEP DRIVING US TILL OUR TONGUES HANG OUT! HE'S OUT FOR A WINNING TEAM — AND NO FOOLIN'!

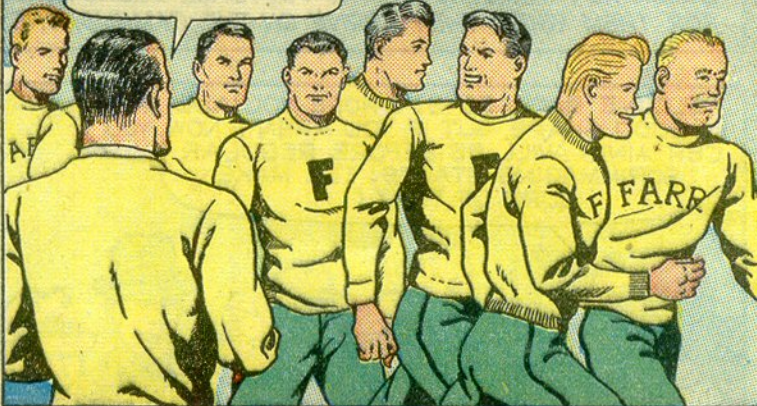


THE NEXT MORNING...

EVERYBODY HERE? FINE. NOW HERE'S THE WORK FOR THIS MORNING...



OUR FIRST JOB IS TO HARDEN THE LEGS AND IMPROVE THE WIND. SO, RUN THE SEVEN MILE CROSS-COUNTRY COURSE, BOYS. IT'S FIRST TIME OUT, SO TAKE IT EASY... SET? GO!



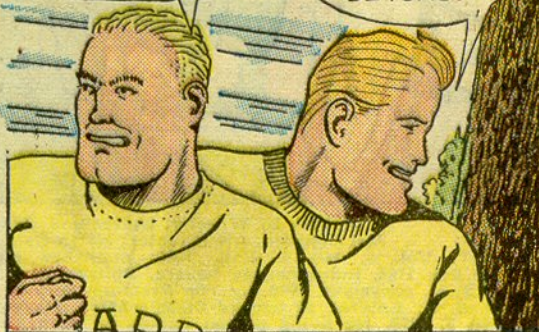
LOPING EASILY, THE CADETS SET OFF OVER THE COURSE...



TWO MILES, AND BARRETT'S WOODS AHEAD...

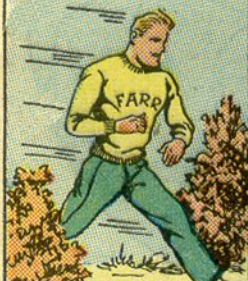
HEY, DICK, SLOW DOWN! BARK'S COMING ON, BUT THE REST OF THE GUYS ARE FALLING BEHIND.

OKAY, WE'LL GO THROUGH THE WOODS AND MARK TIME AT BROWN'S FARM, JUST BEYOND.



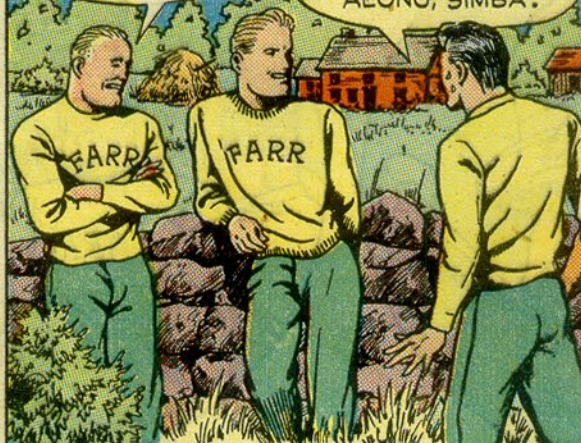


DICK AND SIMBA  
JOG THROUGH  
THE WOODS AND  
STOP AT A  
FENCE BORDERING  
THE BROWN  
PROPERTY...AND  
A MINUTE  
LATER...



WELL, SLOW FREIGHT,  
YOU FINALLY MADE  
IT. WINDED, MR.  
HALL?

SNORT! IT'D TAKE  
MORE THAN YOU AND  
COLE TO WIND ME! I  
WAS JUST LOAFIN'  
ALONG, SIMBA.



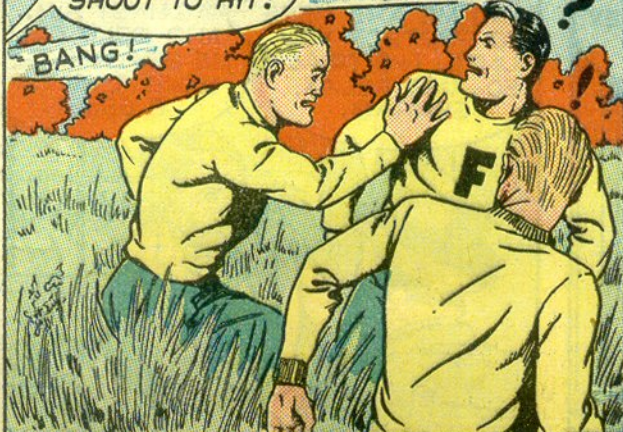
T'HECK WITH THE REST.  
YOU JUST FOLLOW ME  
ACROSS THAT OVER-  
GROWN PASTURE AND  
WE'LL SEE WHO GETS  
WINDED FIRST!  
COME ON!



AS THEY RUN ACROSS THE PASTURE, A SHOT  
RINGS OUT!

STOP! OR I'LL  
SHOOT TO HIT!

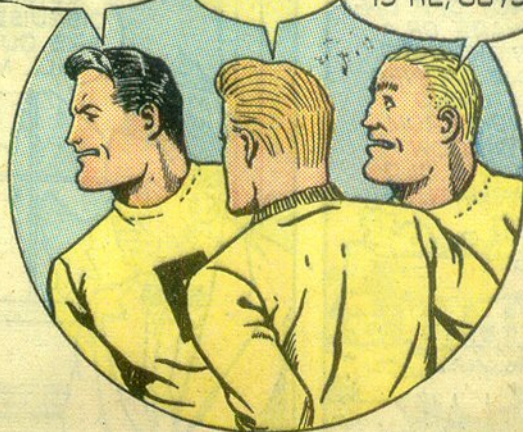
ZING-G-G-G?



HEY! WHERE'D  
THAT SHOT  
COME FROM?

SEARCH  
ME, BARK.

WHO WAS THAT  
WHO BELLOWED  
AT US? WHERE  
IS HE, GUYS?



RIGHT HERE, SQUIRTS!  
SEE, OFFICIAL! DON'T  
YOU KNOW I COULD  
PLUG YOU FOR  
TRESPASSIN'? WELLPI!

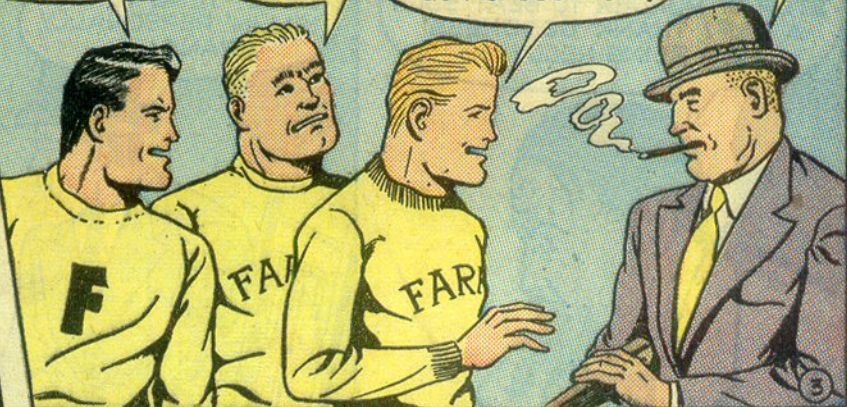


HONEST, OFFICER,  
WE DIDN'T KNOW  
WE WERE  
TRESPASSING.

WHY THE  
BROWN  
FARM IS  
DESERTED.

FARR CROSS-COUNTRY  
MEN HAVE CROSSED  
HERE FOR YEARS!  
WON'T YOU LET US  
GO ACROSS NOW?

UMMMM...  
WA-A-LL,  
I DUNNO..





OH, OKAY. GO AHEAD, BUT STAY AWAY FROM THE FARMHOUSE. KIDS GOT A WAY OF SWIPIN' STUFF, Y'KNOW

THANKS A MILLION, OFFICER. WE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE.

YA BETTER NOT BE! ALL RIGHT, GET GOIN'!

THE CADETS TROT OFF, UNAWARE OF A FRIGHTENED PAIR OF EYES WATCHING THEM FROM A WINDOW IN THE OLD FARMHOUSE.

AND IN THE FARMHOUSE..

I'LL BET THEY'RE RIFF BEADLE'S GUNMEN IN DISGUISE! THEY ARE OUT TO KILL ME!

NAW! HANK WOULDN'T PASS 'EM IF THEY WEREN'T OKAY. HANK AND ME ARE HERE TO PROTECT YOU UNTIL THE TRIAL, SO JUST RELAX, GRAHAM.

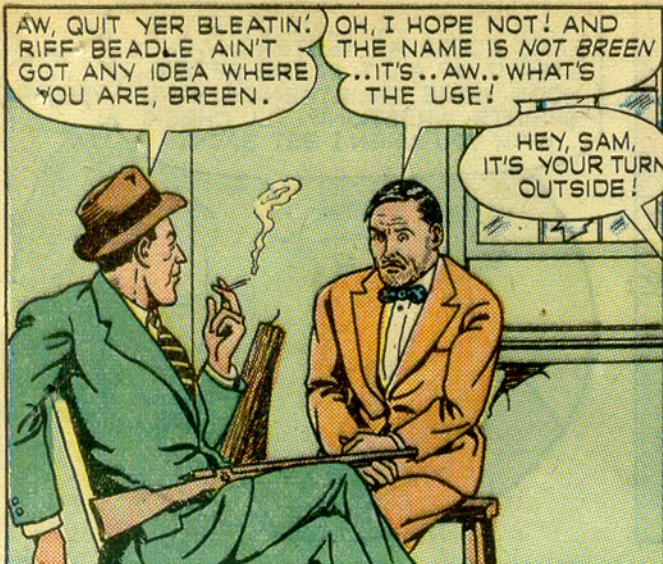
RIFF BEADLE WON'T LET ME LIVE TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIM. AND DON'T CALL ME GRAHAM..THE NAME IS WILBUR P. GREEN!

SAM! YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE HOW SERIOUS THIS IS! MY TESTIMONY'LL SEND BEADLE TO PRISON FOR THIRTY YEARS! HE WON'T STOP AT MURDER TO BEAT SUCH A RAP! THANK GOODNESS HE'S BEING HELD!

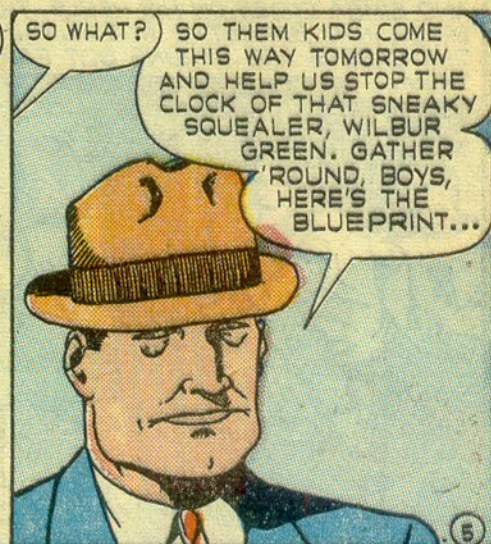
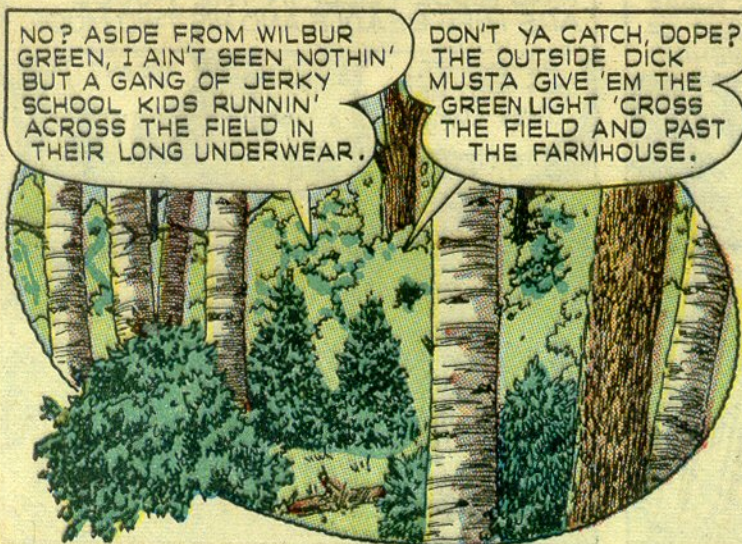
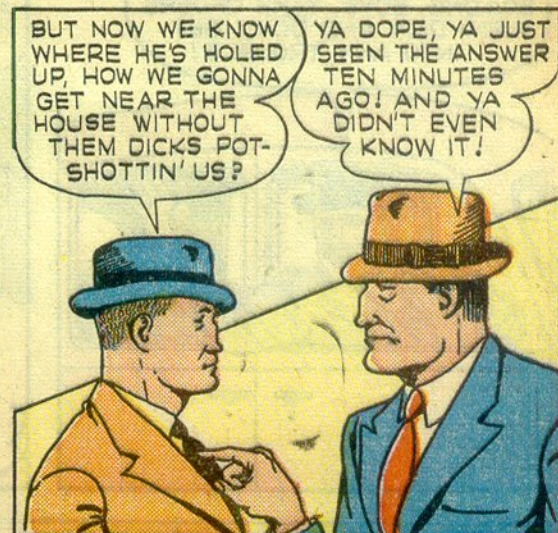
MAYBE I OUGHT NOT TO TELL YOU THIS, YER THAT NERVOUS, BUT...RIFF BEADLE'S OUT ON BAIL AND HE'LL MOST LIKELY TEND TO ANY KILLIN' PERSONALLY, GRANE!

OOH! HOW-HOW AWFUL! THE NAME IS NOT GRANE! IT'S WILBUR P. GREEN!





AND AT THIS MOMENT, ON A WOODED HILL THAT OVERLOOKS THE BROWN FARM, RIFF BEADLE CONFERS WITH TWO MEMBERS OF HIS MOB...





THE NEXT  
MORNING.

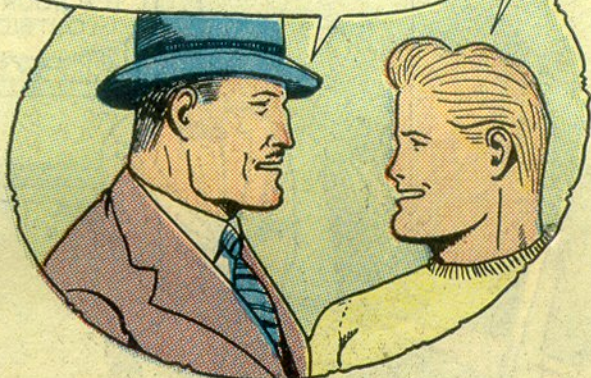
I HAVE TO GO TO CENTerview ON  
BUSINESS AND PROBABLY WON'T  
BE BACK UNTIL LATE. SO,  
COLE, YOU TAKE OVER.

GLAD TO,  
COACH.



TAKE THEM FOR A JOG OVER THE  
SAME COUSE AS YESTERDAY, ONLY  
STEP IT UP A BIT. IN THE AFTER-  
NOON, SOME CALISTHENICS, WIND  
SPRINTS, WRESTLING. I'LL CHECK  
WITH YOU WHEN I GET BACK.

YES, SIR.

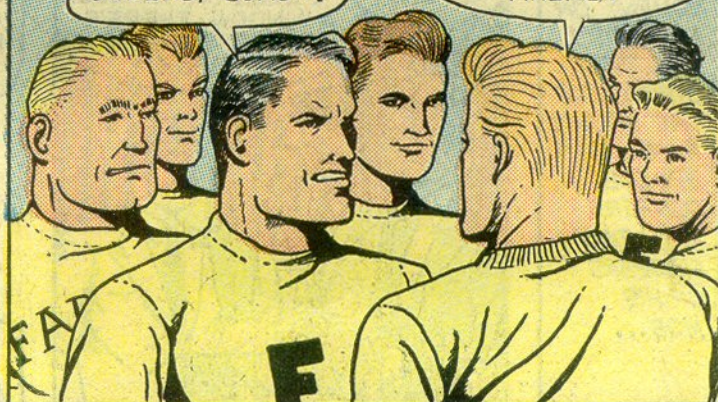


SO LONG, BOYS. TAKE ORDERS  
FROM DICK AND DON'T GET  
INTO ANY TROUBLE!

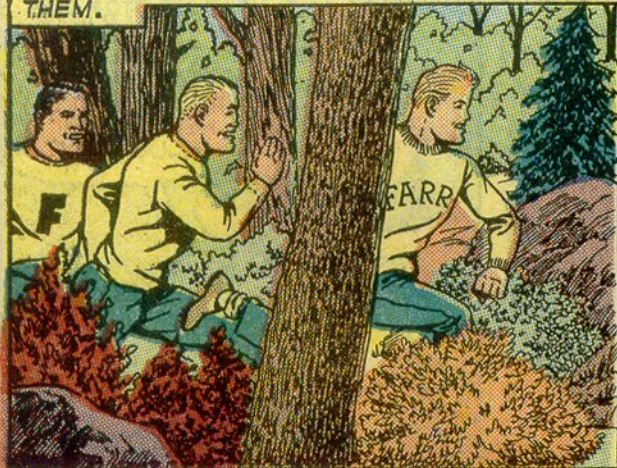


SO, THE FAIR-HAIRED BOYS  
IN THE LIMELIGHT AGAIN!  
WELL, WHAT ARE THE  
ORDERS, "COACH"?

YOU HEARD 'EM, BARK.  
LET'S GET GOING.  
WE'VE A TOUGH DAY  
AHEAD!



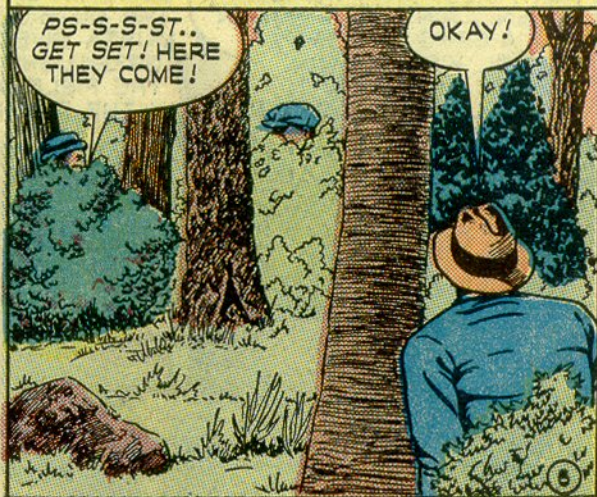
DICK SETS A STIFF PACE, WITH BARK HALL  
AND SIMBA CLOSE ON HIS HEELS. THE THREE  
SPEED INTO BARRETT'S WOODS. THE REST OF  
THE CADETS ARE STRUNG OUT FAR BEHIND  
THEM.



AND HIDDEN DEEP IN THE WOODS  
ARE RIFF BEADLE AND HIS TWO MUGS...

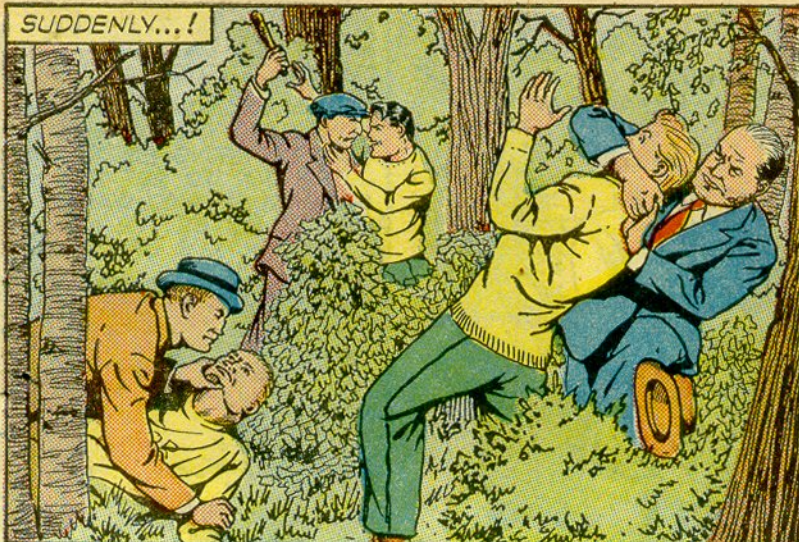
PS-S-S-ST..  
GET SET! HERE  
THEY COME!

OKAY!





SUDDENLY...!



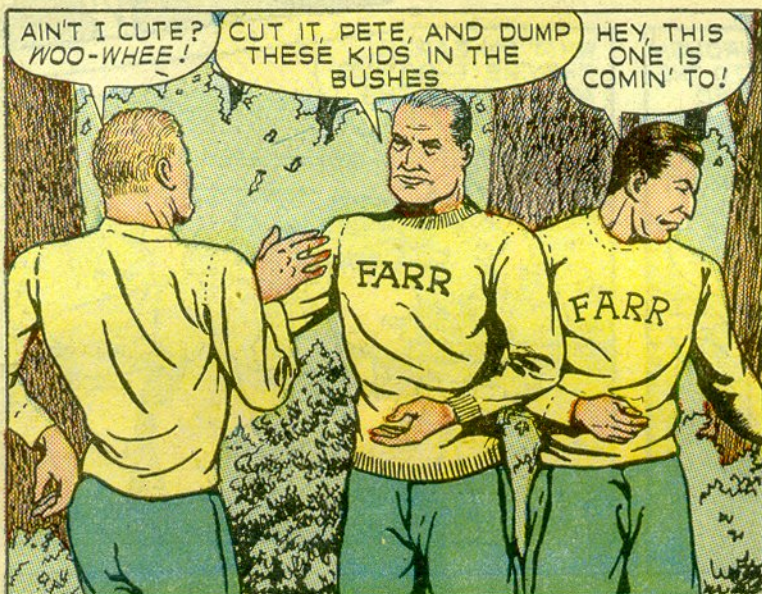
THEY WENT DOWN LIKE TEN-PINS! ALL RIGHT, BOYS, STRIP AND TIE 'EM UP! QUICK, BEFORE THE REST OF THE PACK COMES THROUGH HERE!



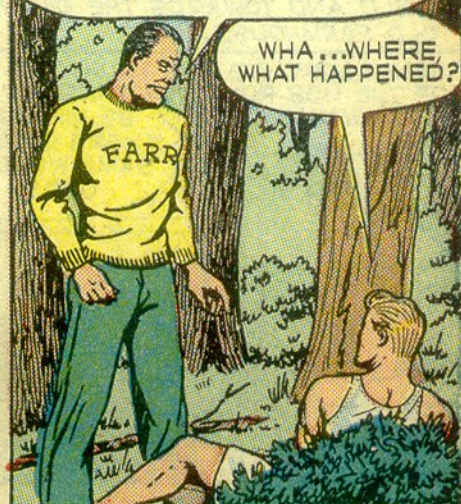
AIN'T I CUTE? WOO-WHEE!

CUT IT, PETE, AND DUMP THESE KIDS IN THE BUSHES

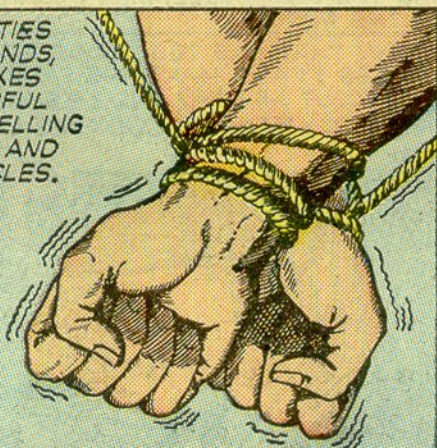
HEY, THIS ONE IS COMIN' TO!



HEY, PETE, YA DIDN'T TIE THIS LUG'S HANDS! C'MERE AND DO IT QUICK! SHUT UP!



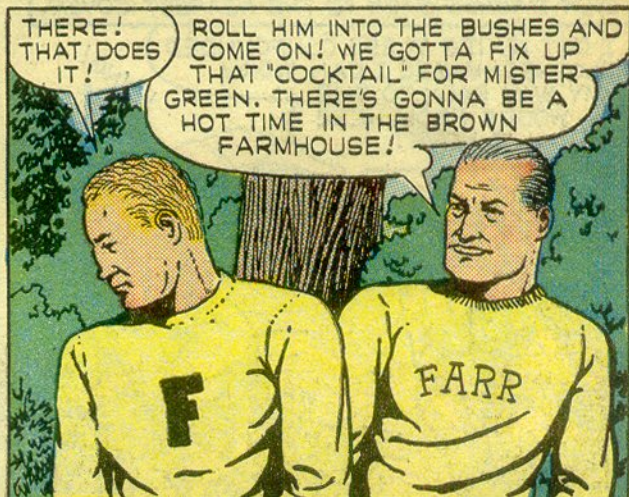
AS PETE TIES DICK'S HANDS, DICK FLEXES HIS POWERFUL HANDS, SWELLING HIS WRIST AND ARM MUSCLES.



7

THERE! THAT DOES IT!

ROLL HIM INTO THE BUSHES AND COME ON! WE GOTTA FIX UP THAT "COCKTAIL" FOR MISTER GREEN. THERE'S GONNA BE A HOT TIME IN THE BROWN FARMHOUSE!





LEFT ALONE, DICK RELAXES HIS WRISTS AND SLIPS HIS HANDS OUT OF HIS BONDS.

THAT THUG TOOK MY CLOTHES SO I'LL HAVE TO WEAR HIS DUDS.

DICK HURRIES TO BARK HALL AND SIMBA ONLY TO FIND THEM BOTH TIED AND UNCONSCIOUS...

COCKTAIL? HOT TIME? I DON'T QUITE GET IT, BUT I'M SURE IT ADDS UP TO TROUBLE AT THE BROWN FARMHOUSE!

CONFOUND IT! I HAVEN'T TIME TO BRING 'EM TO NOW ...I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE FARMHOUSE AND WARN THAT DETECTIVE SOMETHING'S UP!



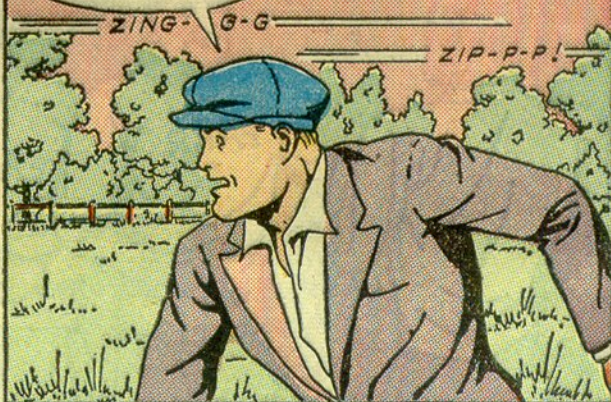
DICK RACES THROUGH THE WOODS OUT ONTO THE FIELD AND TOWARDS THE DILAPIDATED OLD FARMHOUSE...

HANK! LOOK! IT'S ONE OF THE MOB RUNNING THIS WAY! SHOOT!

HUH! THE NERVE OF THAT GUY! IT MUST BE RIFF BEADLE! WHERE IN HECK IS SAM? WELL, HERE GOES.



WHAT ON EARTH! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT ME FROM THE FARMHOUSE!



DICK DASHES BACK TO THE NEAREST COVER.

I GET IT! IT'S THESE CONFOUNDED CLOTHES! MAYBE I CAN WORM MY WAY BACK TO THE WOODS FROM HERE ... I HOPE!

PING! PANG!



KEEPING THE BOULDER BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE FARMHOUSE, DICK SCURRIES BACK TO THE WOODS.

WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT. I GUESS I CAN'T MAKE THE FARMHOUSE, SO I'LL SCOUT AROUND AND SEE WHAT THOSE THUGS ARE COOKING UP!





IN THE MEAN-  
TIME, THE  
LEADERS OF  
THE REST OF  
THE RUNNING  
CADETS REACH  
THE EDGE OF  
THE WOODS.

FELLOWS, THERE'S NO  
SIGN OF COLE, SIMBA OR  
HALL. SO, HOW ABOUT  
CALLING IT A DAY AND  
LET'S JUST AMBLE  
BACK AND GIVE COLE  
AND COMPANY THE  
LAUGH WHEN THEY  
SHOW UP!

GOOD IDEA,  
BERT!

SURE,  
LET'S GO!

WONDER  
WHO WAS  
SHOOTIN'?

NERTZ  
TO DICK  
COLE!

BACK TO DICK COLE,  
WHO IS CAREFULLY  
THREADING HIS WAY  
THROUGH THE HEAVY  
UNDERBRUSH...

I WONDER WHERE  
THOSE THUGS... -OH,  
I HEAR VOICES!  
...OVER THERE!



DICK WORKS HIS WAY CLOSER AND HEARS...

SAY, WHO WAS  
THEY SHOOTIN'  
AT A FEW  
MINUTES AGO,  
PETE!

I LOOKED BUT I  
DIDN'T SEE NOTHIN'  
BUT THAT DICK WHO  
WAS IN THE FIELD,  
RUNNIN' FOR THE  
HOUSE. GUESS THEY  
WAS JUST NERVOUS,  
EH, RIFF?



AND CREEPING UP, DICK PEERS THROUGH BUSHES  
AND SEES...

HAW, HAW! A WAD  
OF COTTON AND A  
BOTTLE FILLED  
WITH GASOLINE  
MAKES A PLENTY  
HOT DRINK!

YEAH, MOLOTOV COCK-  
TAILS THEY CALLED 'EM  
IN THE WAR, AND THEY  
COULD BURN OUT A  
TWENTY TON TANK!



IN THESE CLOTHES WE  
CAN GET CLOSE TO THE  
FARMHOUSE WITHOUT  
BEING RECOGNIZED,  
AND THEN I HEAVE  
THIS...SWOOSH!



THAT OLD  
FARMHOUSE'LL BURN LIKE TINDER,  
AND WILBUR GREEN EITHER ROASTS  
LIKE A PIG OR RUNS OUT AND  
GETS PLUGGED. AND THE DICKS'LL  
CATCH IT TOO!



THAT'S COOKIN',  
RIFF! WOW!



ALL RIGHT, LET'S  
GO. AND TRY TO LOOK  
LIKE ATHLETES WHEN  
WE TROT TOWARDS THE  
FARMHOUSE, YOU LUGS!



THERE THEY GO TO KILL THREE UNSUSPECTING MEN. HOW CAN I STOP THIS! HMMM...BY CRACKY, I'VE GOT IT! I DREW THE DETECTIVES' FIRE ONCE, I CAN DO IT AGAIN!

THEY'RE RUNNING OUT ON THE FIELD SINGLE FILE. I'LL SNEAK UP AND FALL IN AT THE END OF THE LINE.. HERE'S HOPING THIS PLAN WORKS!

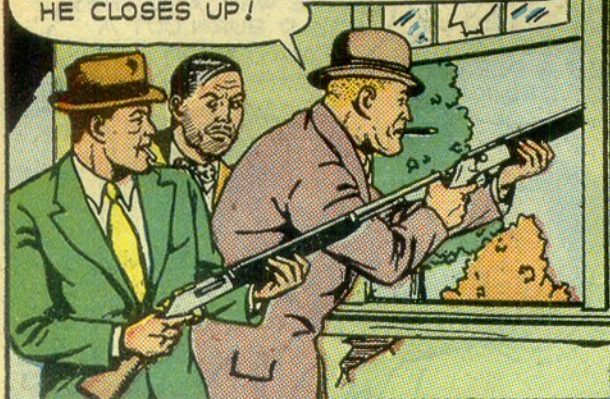
AND INSIDE THE OLD FARM-HOUSE...

CALM DOWN, GREEN! IT'S JUST THEM WHACKY SCHOOL KIDS RUNNIN' AGAIN.

BUT HANK! SAM! THEY'RE GETTIN' AWFUL CLOSE AND...HEY, LOOK! WHO'S THAT COMING UP FAST BEHIND THEM?



BY GODFREY! IT'S THAT SAME GUNMAN AGAIN! HE'S TRYIN' TO GET CLOSE TO THE RUNNERS TO USE 'EM AS A SHIELD! SHOOT FAST, SAM, BEFORE HE CLOSSES UP!



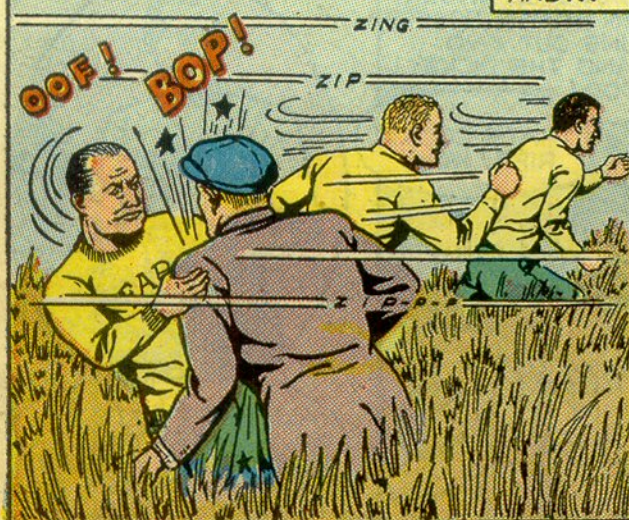
HEY, THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT US!

OUR DISGUISE DIDN'T FOOL 'EM!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



FRANTICALLY, THE GANGSTERS WHEEL ABOUT, AND...



WHAT THA..\*GXX!! WHO ARE... AHKH!

SORRY, CHUM, BUT I WANT THAT MOLOTOV COCKTAIL!



**Q**UESTION No. 5. Is the well-known Russian, Molotov, a scientist, an explorer, or a statesman?



IN THE FARMHOUSE, THE DETECTIVES THINK  
DICK A THUG...

HOLD YOUR FIRE,  
SAM! THE THUG AND  
A CADET ARE MIXING  
IT UP!

WERE, YOU MEAN! WOW!  
THAT MUG SURE  
BOPPED THAT  
POOR CADET!



AND AS DICK FLATTENS BEADLE AND  
TURNS TO RUN...

QUICK, TAKE MY PLACE,  
SAM! SHOOT FAST AND  
GET THAT LUG! MY  
GUN'S JAMMED!

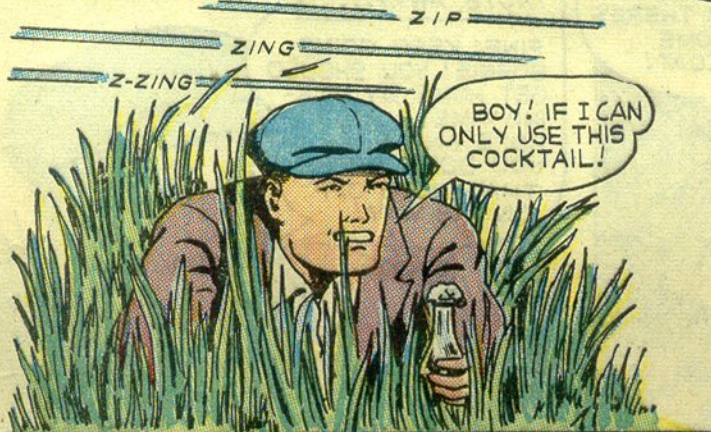
OKEY,  
DOKE!



DICK DROPS FLAT IN THE HIGH GRASS  
AND CRAWLS CAREFULLY AWAY AS  
BULLETS WHISTLE OVERHEAD...

I CAN'T SEE  
HIM NO MORE,  
HANK!

NO USE SHOOTIN'.  
HOLD IT AND  
WATCH.



BOY! IF I CAN  
ONLY USE THIS  
COCKTAIL!



LOOK, THERE  
GOES THAT  
CADET! HE  
LOOKS LIKE  
HE'S GROGGY.

YEAH, THE KID  
DIDN'T HAVE  
A CHANCE  
WITH THAT  
MOBSTER



OUT IN THE FIELD, RIFF  
BEADLE WEAVES HIS  
WAY TOWARDS THE WOODS.

I KNOW WHO THAT GUY  
WAS WHO SOCKED ME!  
HE WAS ONE OF THOSE  
CADETS! OH, MY JAW!



RIFF JOINS HIS PALS IN THE  
WOODS...

THAT GUY WHO BOPPED ME  
IS ONE OF THOSE CADETS,  
DRESSED IN PETE'S CLOTHES!  
HE'S STILL OUT THERE SOME-  
WHERE! PETE, GO GET OUR  
GUNS!





PETE RETURNS WITH THE GUNS.

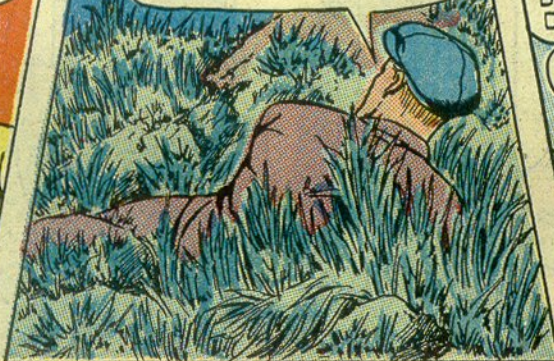
LET'S GO  
GET HIM,  
RIFF!

LOOK, DOPE, HE'S  
GOT THE COCKTAIL!  
WE GOT TO WAIT  
TILL DARK, THEN  
SNEAK UP AND  
GET HIM!



DICK WORMS HIS WAY TO  
A HOLLOW...

GOSH, I WISH I COULD  
REACH THAT BOULDER  
AGAIN, BUT IT'S TOO FAR! THIS  
HOLLOW WILL HAVE TO SERVE  
AS MY FOXHOLE!



PROTECTED FROM BULLETS,  
DICK SETTLES DOWN TO  
AWAIT EVENTS...

THE GANGSTERS KNOW I  
HAVE THE COCKTAIL...THEY  
PROBABLY WON'T TRY TO  
GET ME WHILE IT'S LIGHT..  
BUT I WONDER IF THE  
DETECTIVES WILL TRY  
IT? THEY EVIDENTLY  
THINK I'M A THUG IN  
THESE CLOTHES..



**T**ENSE HOURS  
DRAG BY AND DUSK  
IS APPROACHING  
WHEN SUDDENLY  
DICK IS STARTLED  
BY A SWISH,  
THE SOUND OF  
SOMETHING  
MOVING THROUGH  
THE GRASS...  
A SHADOW  
FALLS UPON  
HIM...

DICK STARTS UP..THEN..

A COW! WHEW! WHAT A  
RELIEF! HEY! I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA! I HOPE THERE'S  
A PENCIL AND SOME  
PAPER IN THIS COAT!



HASTILY, DICK SCRIBBLES A NOTE AND,  
USING A SHOE LACE, QUICKLY TIES IT ON  
THE COW'S TAIL. STARTLED, THE COW  
TLOTS AWAY...

FINE! KEEP GOING,  
BOSSIE! YOU SHOULD  
GET HOME BY MILK-  
ING TIME. I JUST  
HOPE AND PRAY  
YOU DON'T BRUSH  
THAT NOTE OFF  
ON THE WAY!



THE COW'S SUDDEN START IS NOTED IN  
THE HOUSE.

HEY, HANK, SOMETHIN'  
MADE THAT COW  
MOVE SUDDENLY, OUT  
BY THAT MOUND!  
THAT'S WHERE  
HE IS!

YOU'RE PROBABLY  
RIGHT! LINE UP THE  
SPOT AND WE'LL GO  
GET HIM, COME DUSK!



BEADLE ALSO HAS NOTED THE COW'S  
MOVEMENTS.

THAT DOES IT! SEE THAT  
LOW MOUND OUT THERE? I SAW SOME-  
THING MOVE AND SCARE THAT COW! THAT'S  
WHERE HE IS! NOW HERE'S MY PLAN...



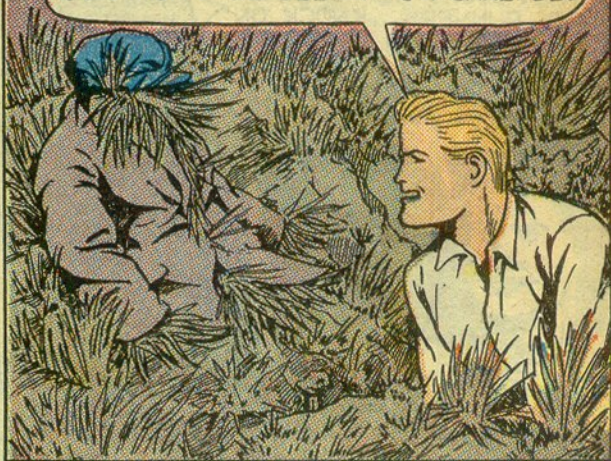


BACK IN HIS HOLE, DICK DECIDES ON A PLAN.

THERE'S BEEN NO MOVEMENT IN EITHER THE HOUSE OR WOODS FOR HOURS..BUT IT'S GETTING DARK AND IF THEY DO KNOW I'M HERE, SOMETHING WILL START SOON..SO, I'D BETTER GET BUSY...



THERE, THAT OUGHT TO DO IT! AND NOW TO MAKE A FLANKING MOVE ON THE FARMHOUSE. IT'S DARK ENOUGH NOW SO I WON'T BE SEEN IF I'M CAREFUL.

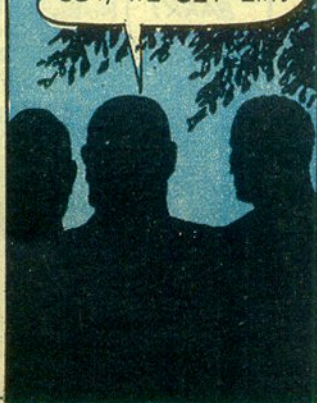


AND BACK IN THE WOODS.

LET'S GO. GIVE ME THREE MINUTES START, THEN PLUG THE KID, GRAB THE COCKTAIL AND JOIN ME BACK OF THAT OLD SHED TO THE LEFT OF THE HOUSE!



I CAN HEAVE THE COCKTAIL FROM THERE, EASY, AND WHEN THE FIRE DRIVES 'EM OUT, WE GET 'EM!



MEANWHILE, FARMER BENTON HAS MADE A DISCOVERY..

I WONDER WHO IN HECK TIED THIS NOTE ON...HEY! THIS IS SERIOUS! GREAT BALLS OF FIRE! THIS IS A JOB FOR THE STATE TROOPERS!



PETE AND HIS PAL FALL FOR DICK'S RUSE.

THAT DOES IT! GRAB THE COCKTAIL!



CRIPES! IT'S JUST A DUMMY! HE'S GONE, PETE, AND SO'S THE COCKTAIL!



WHAT! HEY, C'MON! LET'S GET TO RIFF...BUT QUICK!

MEANWHILE, DICK HAS REACHED A POINT NEAR A HAYSTACK TO THE RIGHT OF THE OLD FARMHOUSE...

THE MINUTE THOSE THUGS SHOW UP, I'LL BRIGHTEN THINGS UP FOR THE DETECTIVES AND THEY'LL GIVE 'EM A RECEPTION!





PETE REPORTS TO RIFF BEADLE.

\*@#X!!\* THAT CHANGES EVERYTHING! LOOK! WE POSE AS LOST RUNNERS...KNOCK ON THE DOOR...AND WHEN THEY OPEN UP...WE LET 'EM HAVE IT! C'MON, WE GOTTA MOVE **FAST!**

DICK SEES THE GANGSTERS RUN FROM BEHIND THE SHED TOWARDS THE FARM HOUSE. QUICKLY HE IGNITES THE COTTON AND HURLS THE COCKTAIL INTO THE HAYSTACK. INSTANTLY, IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES!



SAM! THAT'S BEADLE AND HIS MUGS! SHOOT! SHOOT FAST!

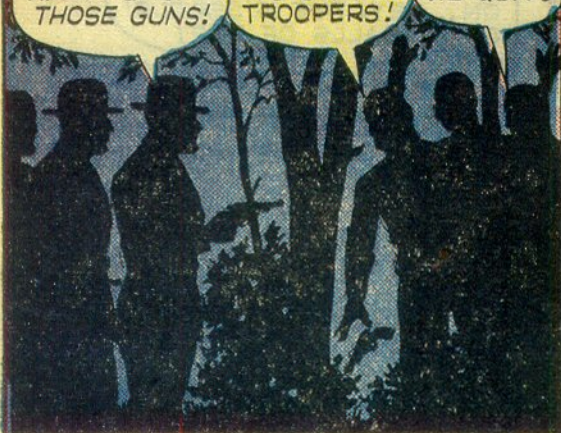
WHAT THE!... BEAT IT FOR THE WOODS! WE'RE COLD TURKEY FOR THOSE DICKS!

BUT WHEN THEY REACH THE EDGE OF THE WOOD...

HALT! DROP THOSE GUNS!

OH, M'GOSH! IT'S STATE TROOPERS!

WE QUIT! WE QUIT!



DICK COMES UP, TO BE GREETED BY SIMBA AND BARK...

SIMBA! BARK! YOU'RE OKAY!

AT LONG LAST, COLE. I HOPE I DON'T GET RHEUMATISM FROM LYING ON THE GROUND ALL DAY.

HI, DICK! THANK GOODNESS, YOU SENT THE NOTE! THE STATE TROOPERS FOUND US.



I DUNNO WHAT HAPPENED! I HAD EVERY ANGLE FIGURED OUT PERFECT!



RIGHT, BEADLE! EVERYTHING BUT DICK COLE!

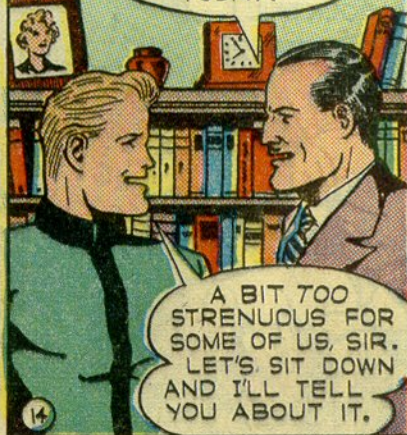
BEFORE YOU TAKE THEM OFF, OFFICER, WE'D LIKE TO HAVE OUR CLOTHES BACK, IF YOU DON'T MIND

WHY, SURE.



THAT NIGHT.

WELL, DICK, DID THE BOYS HAVE A GOOD WORKOUT TODAY?



A BIT TOO STRENUOUS FOR SOME OF US, SIR. LET'S SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT.



**BOBBY  
SHELBY**

# at the MOTOR- DROME

JEEPERS, BOBBY! LOOK  
AT "THE DEMON" ZOOM  
AROUND THAT BOWL!

YEH, BOY! HE  
BANKS LIKE A  
FIGHTER PLANE.

BELIEVE, ME--  
IT'S COSTLY  
FUN TO TAKE  
CHANCES!

TOO COSTLY AT ANY PRICE.  
THAT GOES FOR BUYING A  
BIKE, TOO. YOUR DAD TOOK  
NO CHANCES WHEN HE  
BOUGHT YOU A SHELBY.  
IT'S SAFE, RUGGED AND  
SMOOTH-RIDING. TOPS  
ON "LOOKS", TOO!

"Did you know that  
only SHELBY uses  
THREE processes to  
make a frame? Write  
to me for color pic-  
tures and descriptions  
about the safe 1946  
SHELBY'S."

*Bobby Shelby*  
THE SHELBY CYCLE CO.  
SHELBY 1, OHIO

GANGWAY! WATCH "THE  
DEMON" ZOOM AROUND  
THIS CURVE!

WATCH IT! THAT  
GRAVEL'S SKIDDY.  
BETTER PLAY SAFE!

TIRES SKID ON LOOSE  
GRAVEL. BOBBY'S FRIEND  
TAKES A SPILL.



*Ride*

*The* **SHELBY**  
AMERICA'S QUALITY BICYCLE



## WORD GAMES

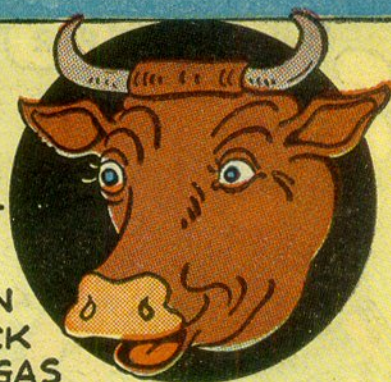
# STAE



**J**ACK  
SMART  
CAN SPELL  
FIVE FOUR-  
LETTER WORDS  
BY USING ALL  
THE ABOVE  
LETTERS TO  
SPELL EACH  
WORD.  
CAN YOU?

SOLUTION: EATS, EAST, SEAT, SATE  
AND TEAS.

- 1 RIVEL
- 2 LEAV
- 3 TAKES
- 4 TUMNOT
- 5 ITPER
- 6 BAGLOON
- 7 ICH NECK
- 8 USE A GAS



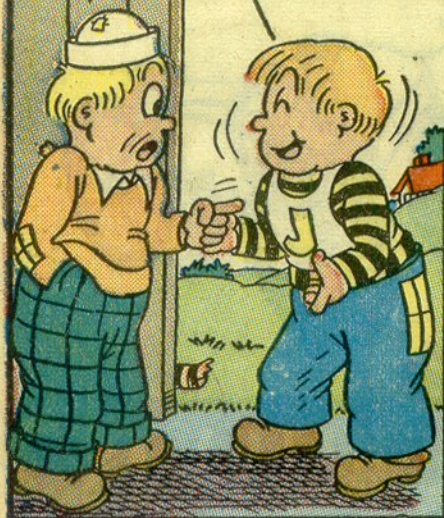
**T**O COMPLETE THIS  
PROBLEM YOU ARE RE-  
QUIRED TO UNSCRAMBLE  
EACH GROUP OF LETTERS TO  
SPELL EIGHT MEATS.

SOLUTION: 1. LIVER, 2. VEAL, 3. STEAK,  
4. MUTTON, 5. TRIPE, 6. BLOOMING, 7.  
CHICKEN, 8. SAUSAGE.



WHAT D'YA MEAN YOUR MOM DRIVES A CAR LIKE LIGHTNING—FAST ???

NAW! SHE'S ALWAYS HITTING TREES!!!



GEE, WHO GAVE YOU THOSE TWO BLACK EYES ???

NOBODY—I HAD TO FIGHT FOR THEM !!!



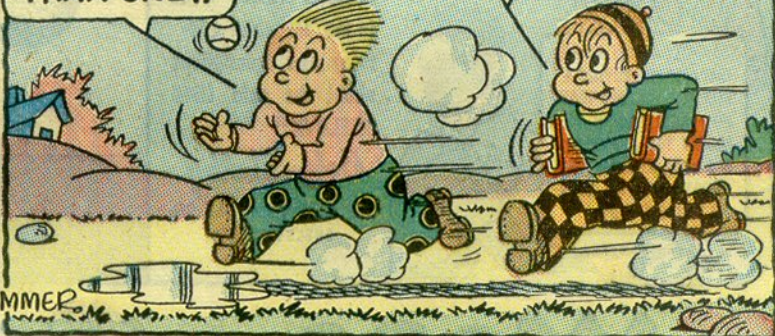
BETCHA CAN'T TELL ME WHY IRISH PEASANTS WEAR CAPES ???

CAN TOO! TO CAPE THEM WARM !!!



THEY SAY THAT TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE !!

YEAH—BUT WOULDN'T YOU LOOK SILLY ???



MILY HAMMER

## ANNOUNCING! THE NEW *Bendix* COASTER BRAKE

Here is the coaster brake you have always wanted. It is made by the famous Bendix Aviation Corporation, builders of brakes for automobiles, buses, trucks and airplanes. The new Bendix\* Coaster Brake is entirely new in design. It stops quicker and with less pedal pressure and it coasts longer—



Only the New Bendix Coaster Brake  
Offers All These Features

Stops quicker—coasts longer \* Long life \* Light weight \* Fewer parts \* Easy to put together and take apart \* Self-aligning brake shoes \* Sealed against dirt and water \* More efficient braking \* Every brake factory tested \* Made by the Bendix Aviation Corporation.



You are away out in front with a Bendix Coaster Brake.

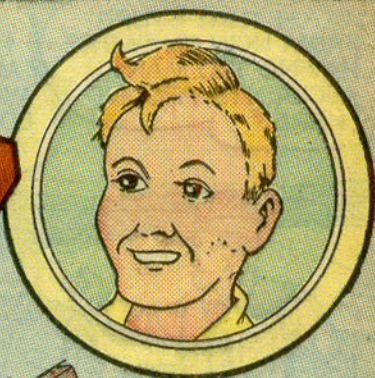
Tell your bicycle dealer that you want your new bike equipped with the most modern of all coaster brakes—the new Bendix Coaster Brake.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION  
OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION  
ELMIRA, NEW YORK



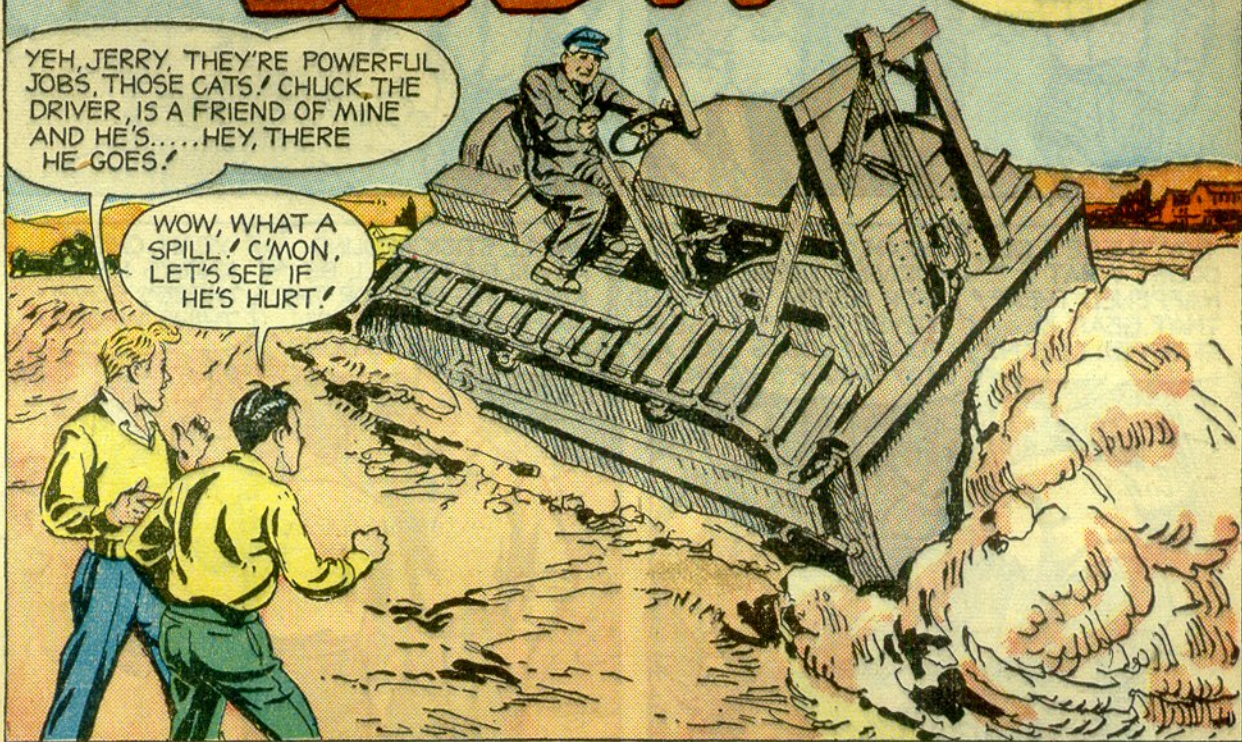


# Edison Bell



YEH, JERRY, THEY'RE POWERFUL JOBS, THOSE CATS! CHUCK THE DRIVER, IS A FRIEND OF MINE AND HE'S.....HEY, THERE HE GOES!

WOW, WHAT A SPILL! C'MON, LET'S SEE IF HE'S HURT!



THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK! WHAT KIND OF DRIVER ARE YOU?

THAT WASN'T MY FAULT! I THREW 'ER IN REVERSE AND SHE KEPT ON GOING! YOUR TRACTORS ARE NO GOOD!

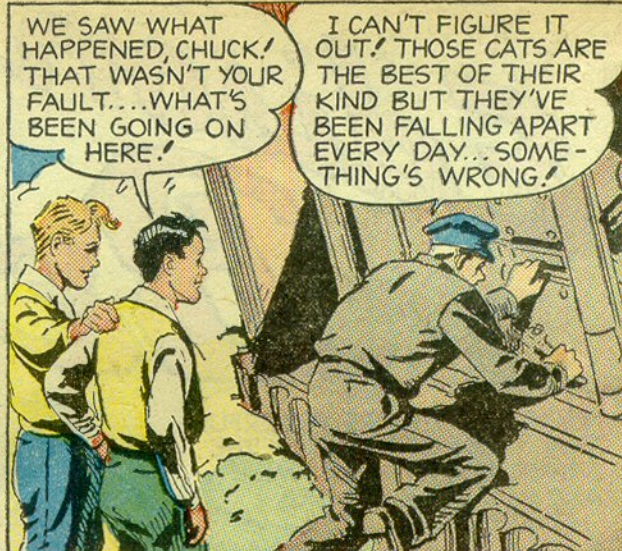


THAT REVERSE GEAR IS STILL STRIPPED! I THOUGHT YOU HAD IT FIXED!

I DID HAVE IT FIXED, AND IF IT'S STRIPPED, YOU STRIPPED IT!









# SOME LATE ARRIVALS.....

YEAH, MY OLD MAN TAKIN' SO MUCH TIME OFF WAS FIRED BY THE SAME OUTFIT! DAT'S HIS BUSINESS I SAY, 'C'MON, GRAB A TRACTOR!

THIS IS HOT STUFF! MY OL' MAN GIVIN' ME A HALFA BUCK JUST TO COME OUT HERE AND HAVE FUN WIT' DIS JUNK! HE DON'T GIVE ME MUCH DOUGH SINCE HE WAS FIRED FOR SLEEPING ON THE JOB OUT HERE!



WE MIGHT'VE KNOWN THEY'D BE IN IT! THIS IS THE ANSWER TO EVERYTHING!

THOSE GUYS AGAIN! THEY SURE GOT A LOT OF NERVE!



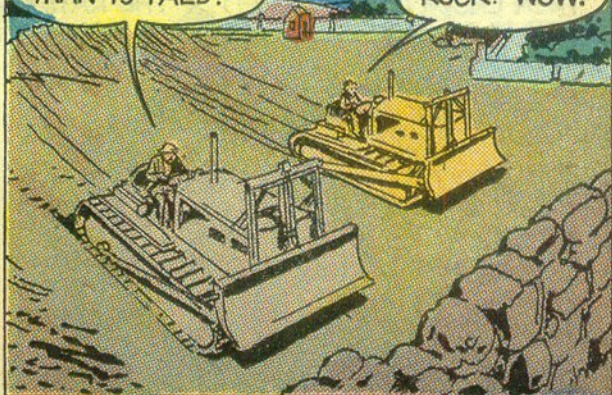
YUH WANNA RAM SOME MORE! THAT'S FUN AN' BESIDES IT DON'T MATTER IF WE WRECK 'EM!

OKAY, BROCK! YUH SURE THAT WATCHMAN WON'T WAKE UP?



NAH, MY OL' MAN SAYS HE DIGS DITCHES ALL DAY! HE SLEEPS LIKE A ROCK...! BESIDES, HIM AN' MY OL' MAN IS PALS!

GOOD! WATCH ME RAM DAT ROCK! WOW!



LET'S GO DOWN AND STOP THOSE GUYS! IT'S NOT RIGHT TO DAMAGE OTHER PEOPLE'S PROPERTY LIKE THAT!

TAKE IT EASY! IF WE GIVE THEM PLENTY OF ROPE THEY'LL HANG THEMSELVES!

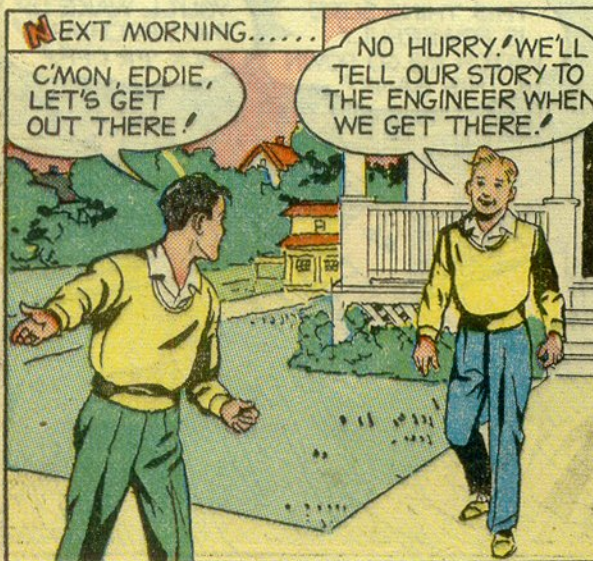
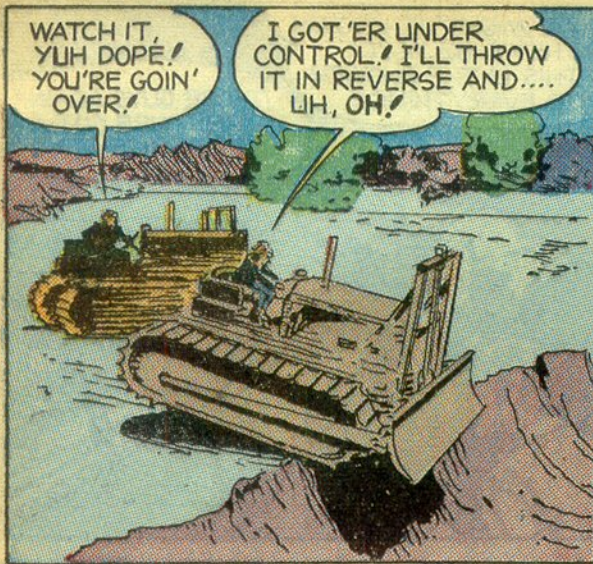


THIS THING SURE IS POWERFUL! WATCH ME GO DOWN THIS BANK!

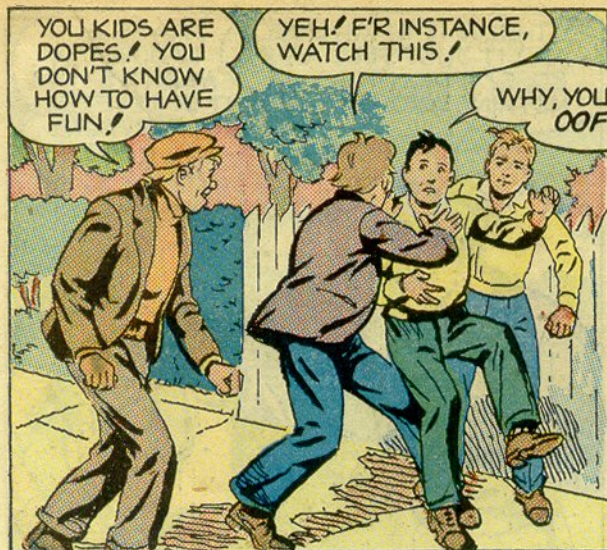
YOU'LL WAKE UP THE WATCHMAN! BACK 'ER OFF!







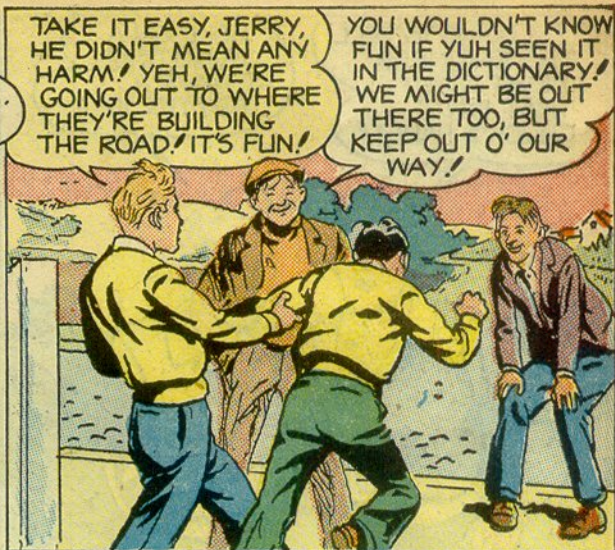




YOU KIDS ARE DOPES! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO HAVE FUN!

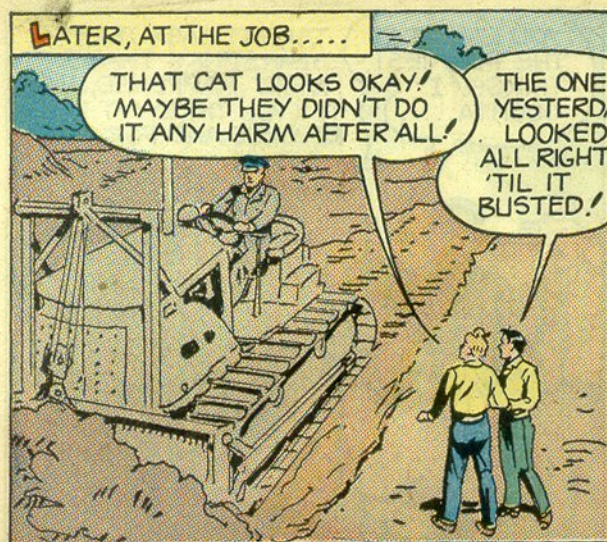
YEH! F'R INSTANCE, WATCH THIS!

WHY, YOU...  
OOF!



TAKE IT EASY, JERRY, HE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM! YEH, WE'RE GOING OUT TO WHERE THEY'RE BUILDING THE ROAD! IT'S FUN!

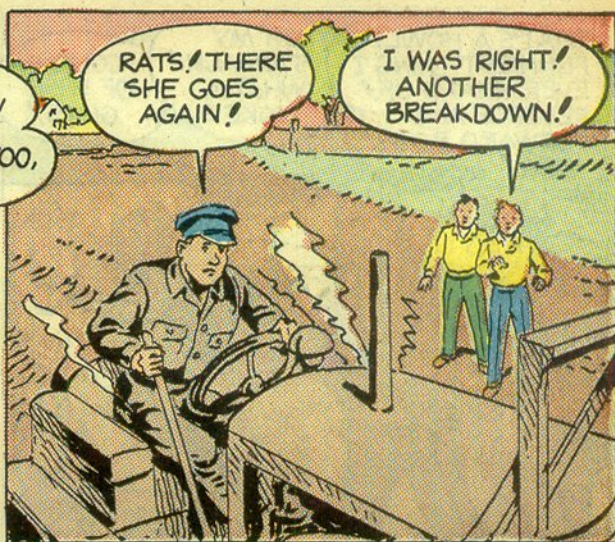
YOU WOULDN'T KNOW FUN IF YUH SEEN IT IN THE DICTIONARY! WE MIGHT BE OUT THERE TOO, BUT KEEP OUT O' OUR WAY!



LATER, AT THE JOB....

THAT CAT LOOKS OKAY! MAYBE THEY DIDN'T DO IT ANY HARM AFTER ALL!

THE ONE YESTERDAY LOOKED ALL RIGHT TOO, 'TIL IT BUSTED!



RATS! THERE SHE GOES AGAIN!

I WAS RIGHT! ANOTHER BREAKDOWN!



YOU'RE FIRED! YOU'RE THE ROTTENEST DRIVER I EVER SAW! G'WAN, GET OUT OF HERE!

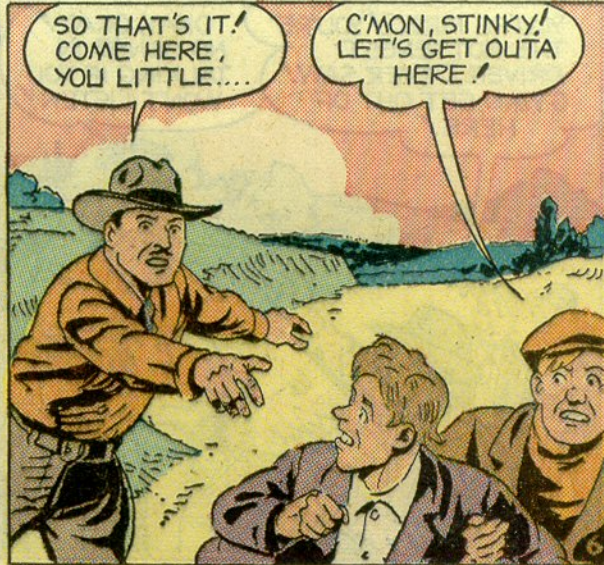
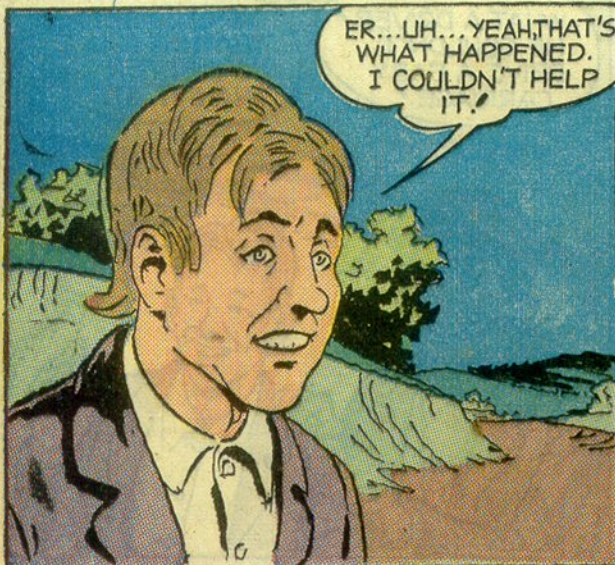
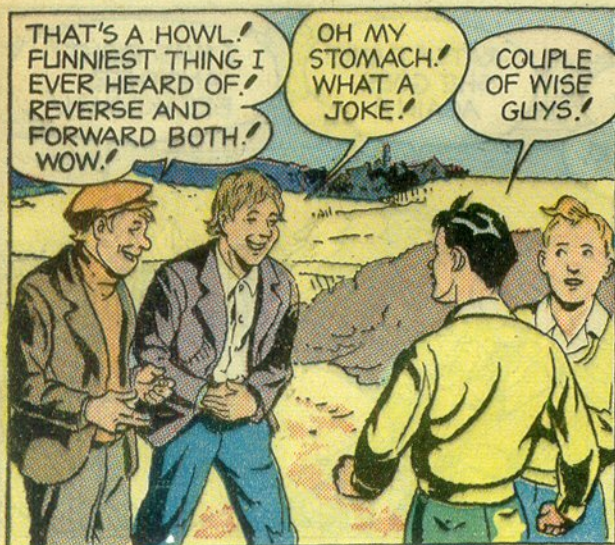
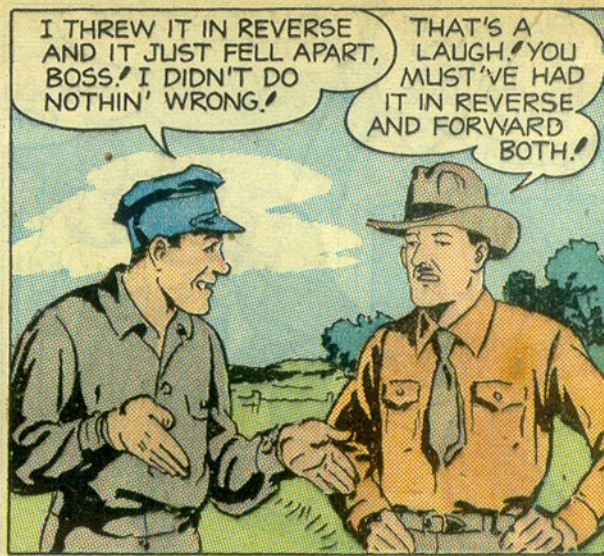
OKAY, OKAY! NO SENSE IN TALKING IF YOU WON'T LISTEN!



WHAT A DRIVER! HE COULDN'T DRIVE A BABY CARRIAGE!

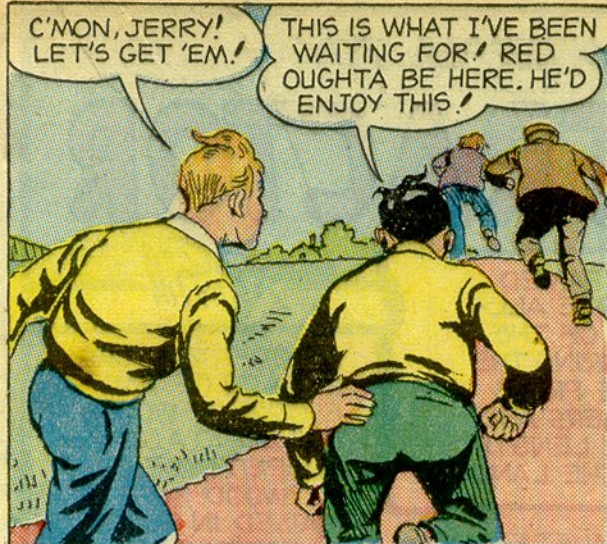
YEH, I DO BETTER THAN... I COULD DO BETTER THAN THAT!





**Q** UESTION No. 9. Did the English word "joke" come from the Chinese or Latin language?







MAKE EDDIE BELL'S POWERFUL TOY

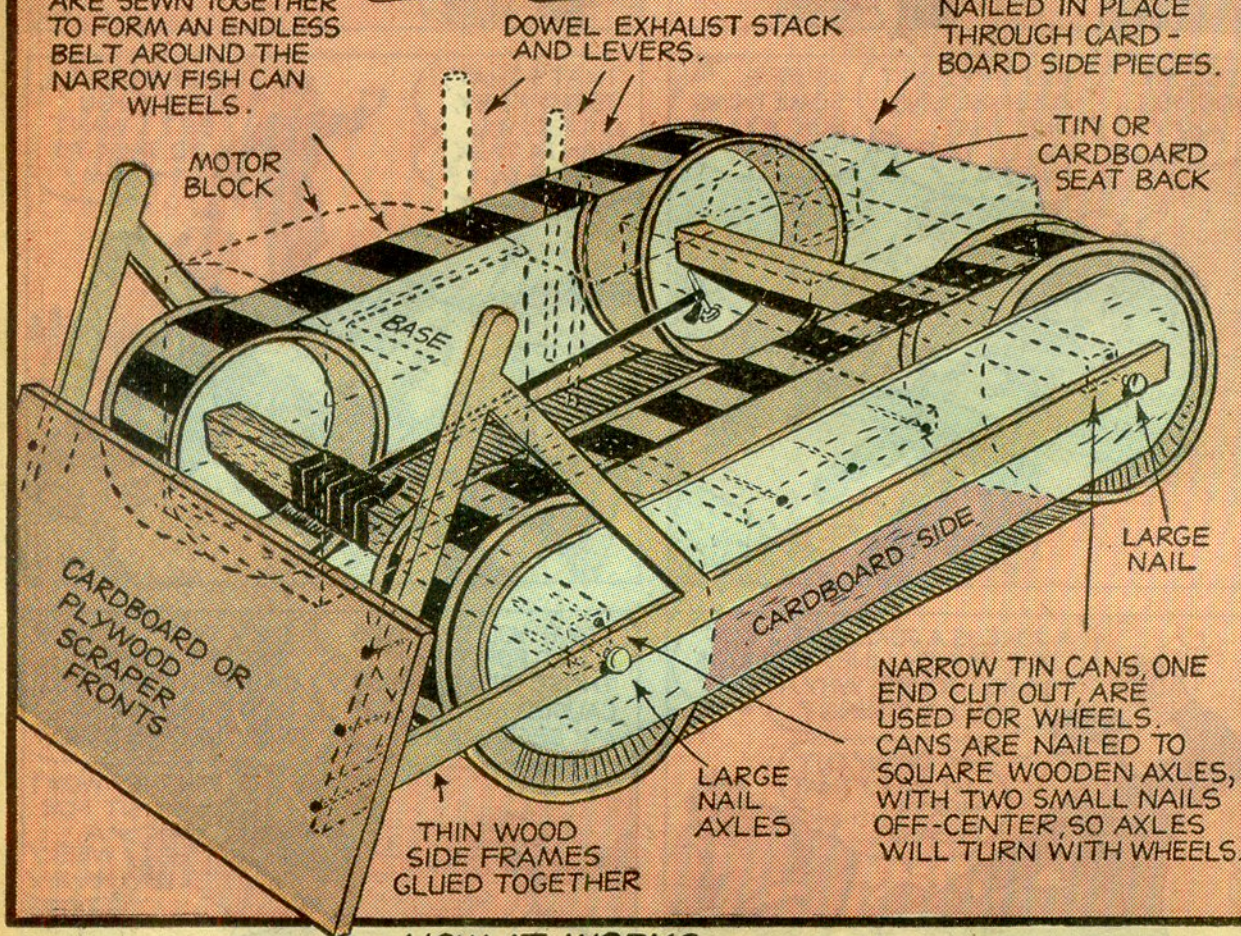
# "BIG CAT" TRACTOR

By Ray Gill

TRACTOR TREADS ARE SIMULATED BY PAINTING STRIPES, WITH PAINT OR INK, ON STRIPS OF CLOTH OR RIBBON WHICH ARE SEWN TOGETHER TO FORM AN ENDLESS BELT AROUND THE NARROW FISH CAN WHEELS.

HERE IT IS... THE FAMED "BULLDOZER" — THE ALL-AROUND FAVORITE OF THE ARMED FORCES DURING THE WAR, AND NOW THE PRIDE AND JOY OF FARMERS AND CONTRACTORS, THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE LAND!

SUPERSTRUCTURE IS MADE OF TWO BLOCKS OF WOOD NAILED TO A CROSS-SHAPED BASE OF PLYWOOD. BASE IS NAILED IN PLACE THROUGH CARD-BOARD SIDE PIECES.



## HOW IT WORKS

A STOUT RUBBER BAND, ONE END ATTACHED TO NAIL AT UNDERSIDE, REAR, OF PLYWOOD "FLOOR" BASE — OTHER END STAPLED TO FRONT SQUARE AXLES. WIND THIS RUBBER BAND MOTOR BY ROLLING TRACTOR BACKWARDS, HOLDING FRONT WHEELS, THEN ROLLING BACK AGAIN TILL MOTOR IS TIGHT. NOW SET TRACTOR ON FLOOR AND LET IT GO! IT WILL PUSH SMALL OBJECTS LIKE THE REAL "BIG CATS" DO, UNTIL IT IS UNWOUND. WIND IT UP AGAIN — AND REPEAT THE PERFORMANCE!



AN  
EDISON  
BELL  
EXTRA!

# "MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE"

**B**AFFLING TO  
WATCH - BUT  
EASY TO MAKE!  
TRY IT AND  
SEE ....

CARVE ENDS  
OF SEPARATOR  
STICK TO FIT  
LOOSELY IN HOLES

RUBBER  
BAND

JUST WIDE  
ENOUGH TO  
FIT YOUR  
HAND'S  
GRIP

HERE'S A CLOSE-UP  
OF THE BOTTOM  
VIEW, SHOWING HOW  
STRING IS CROSSED  
BETWEEN FEET.

FRONT VIEW

**C**UT BODY, TWO LEGS (ONE  
PIECE EACH, AND KNEE JOINTS),  
TWO UPPER ARMS, AND TWO  
LOWER ARMS AND HANDS (NO  
WRIST JOINTS). ALL OUT OF  
CARDBOARD. CUT SIX SMALL  
CARDBOARD WASHERS. THREAD  
A NEEDLE WITH STRONG  
THREAD, AND PIERCE EACH  
JOINT. TIE KNOT IN THREAD  
AT EACH END OF JOINTS.

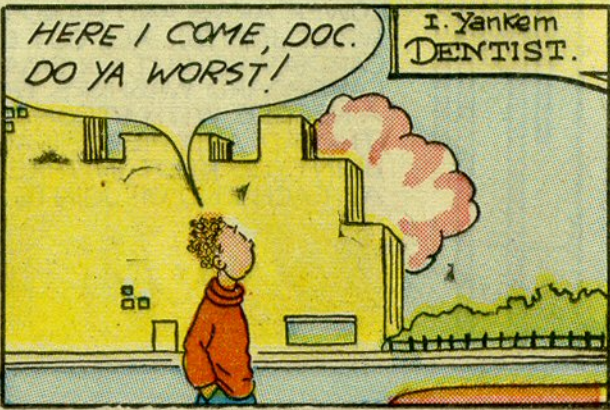
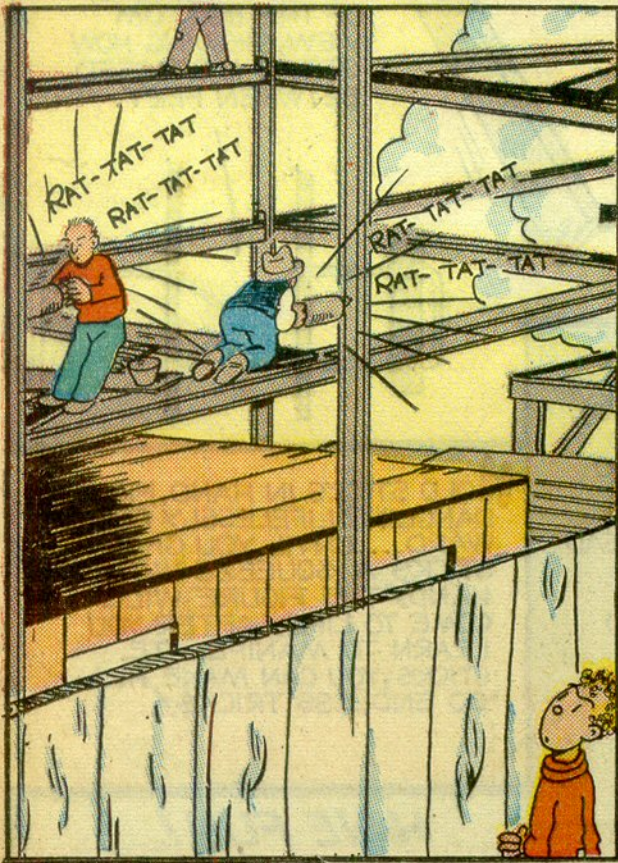
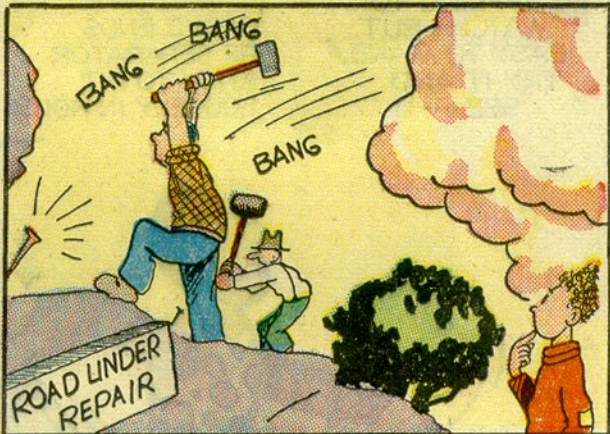
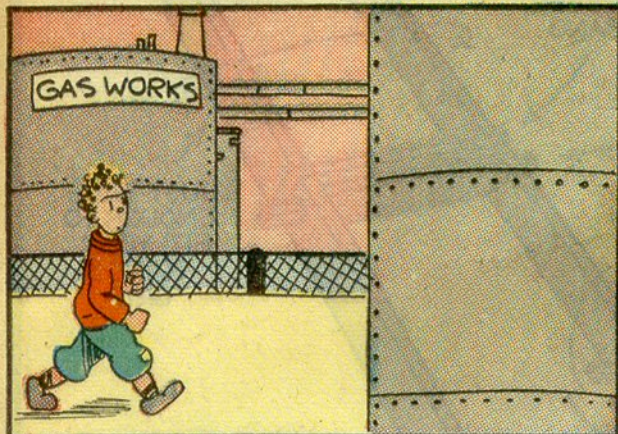
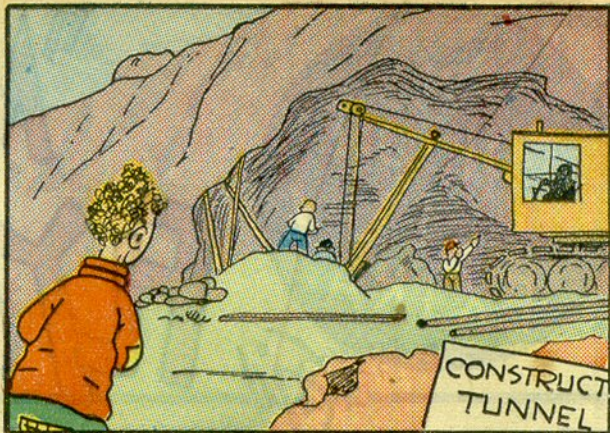
**H**OLD STICKS IN HAND, FIGURE  
DANGLING LIFELESSLY DOWN-  
WARD....UNTIL YOU GIVE  
STICKS A SQUEEZE WITH YOUR  
HAND. THE FIGURE WILL  
COME TO LIFE. AFTER YOU  
LEARN TO MANIPULATE  
STICKS, YOU CAN MAKE HIM  
DO ENDLESS TRICKS.

HAVE FUN!



# MERKIN GERKIN

By.  
B.g. Guth





# CANDID CHARLIE

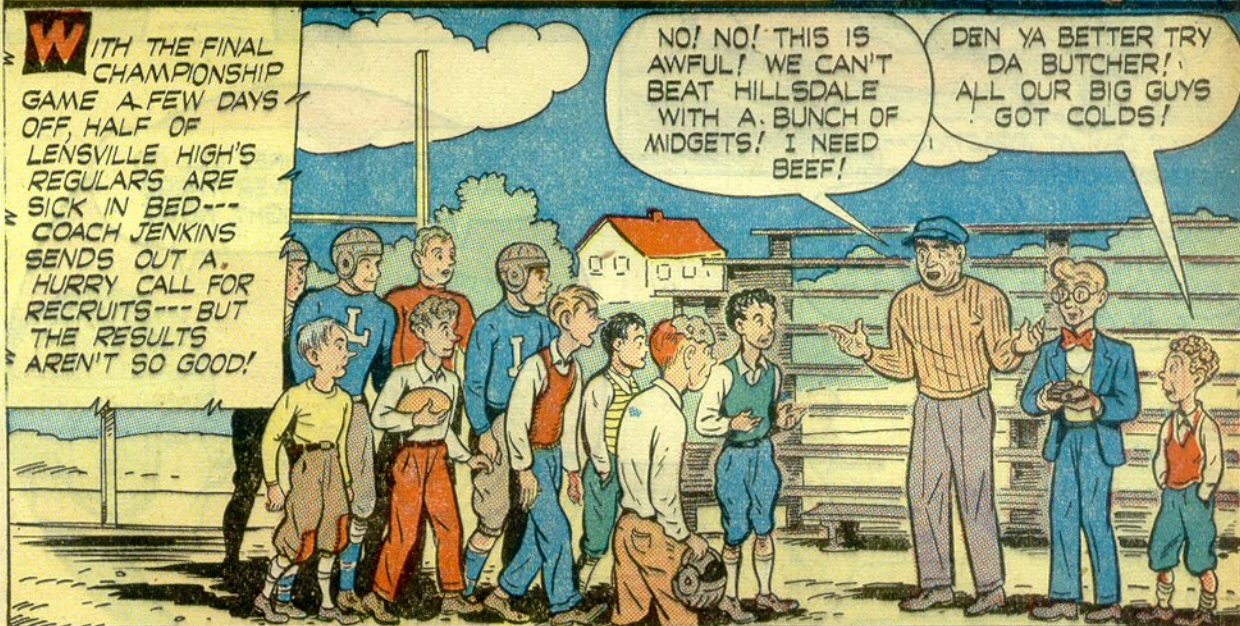
Drawn by HARVEY K. FULLER



**W**ITH THE FINAL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME A FEW DAYS OFF, HALF OF LENSVILLE HIGH'S REGULARS ARE SICK IN BED--- COACH JENKINS SENDS OUT A HURRY CALL FOR RECRUITS---BUT THE RESULTS AREN'T SO GOOD!

NO! NO! THIS IS AWFUL! WE CAN'T BEAT HILLSDALE WITH A BUNCH OF MIDGETS! I NEED BEEF!

DEN YA BETTER TRY DA BUTCHER! ALL OUR BIG GUYS GOT COLDS!



YOU'RE AT LEAST HUSKIER THAN SOME OF THE OTHERS. HOP INTO A UNIFORM!

BUT I JUST CAME TO TAKE PICTURES! I CAN'T---

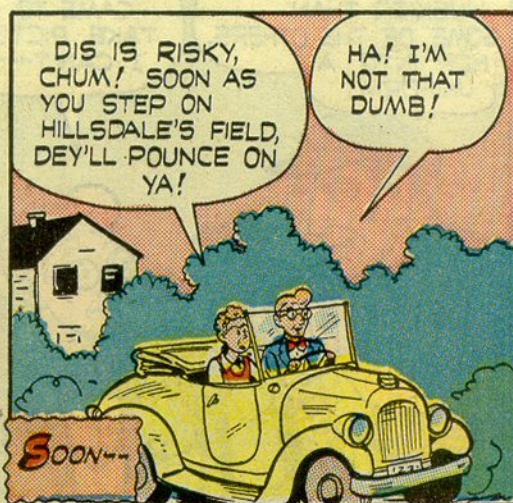
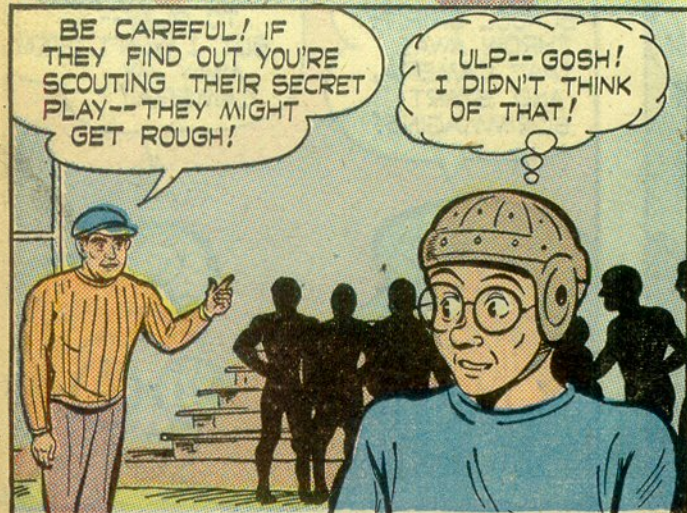
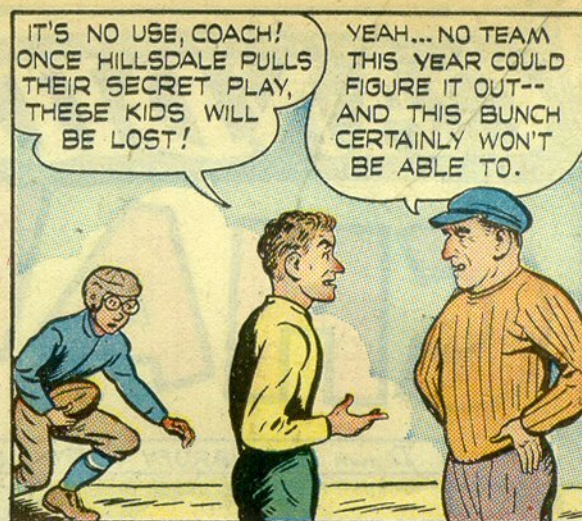


WHERE'S YOUR SCHOOL SPIRIT? THROW AWAY THAT CAMERA, AND START SCRIMMAGING!

WELL-- I'LL TRY TO PLAY-- BUT I WON'T THROW AWAY MY CAMERA!



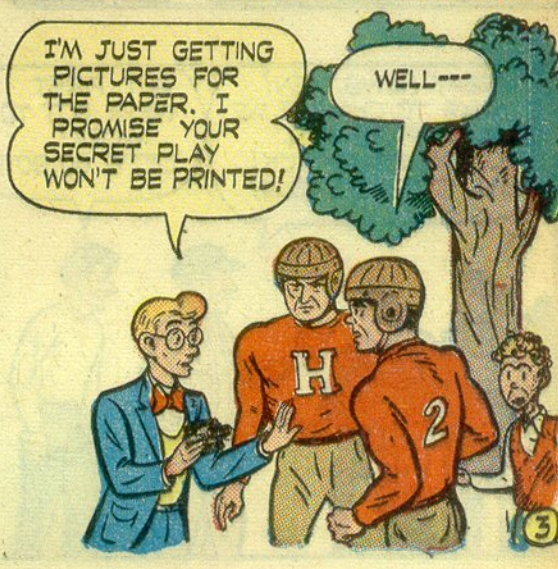
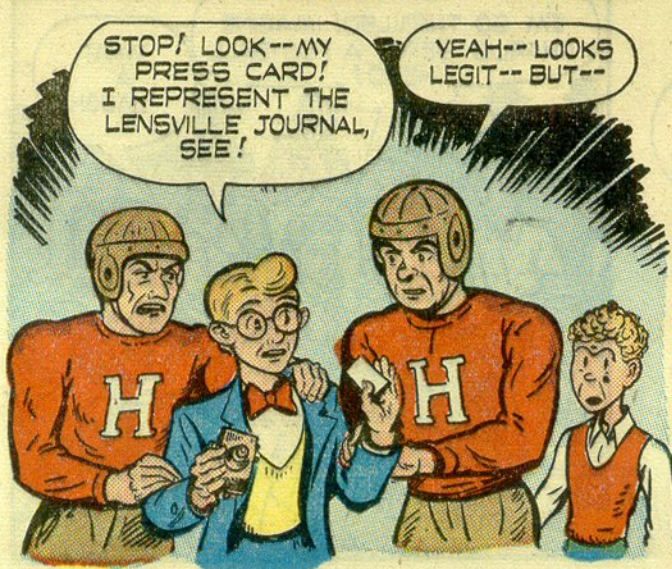
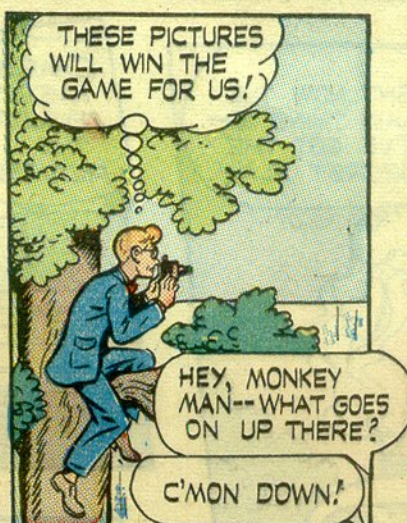
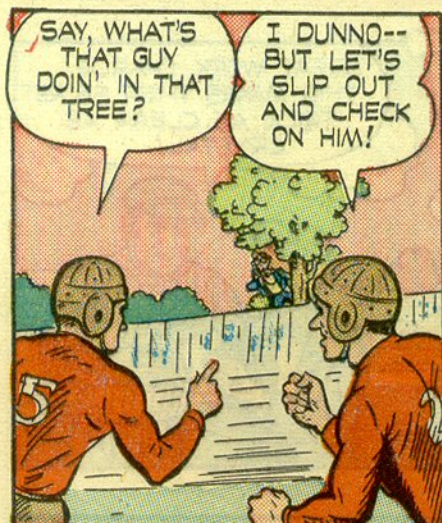




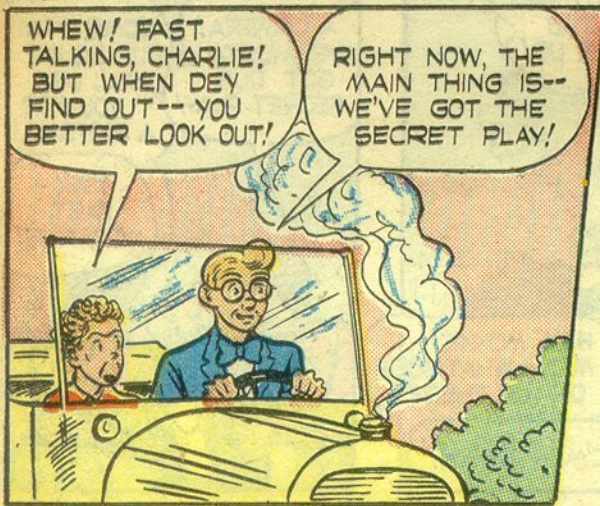




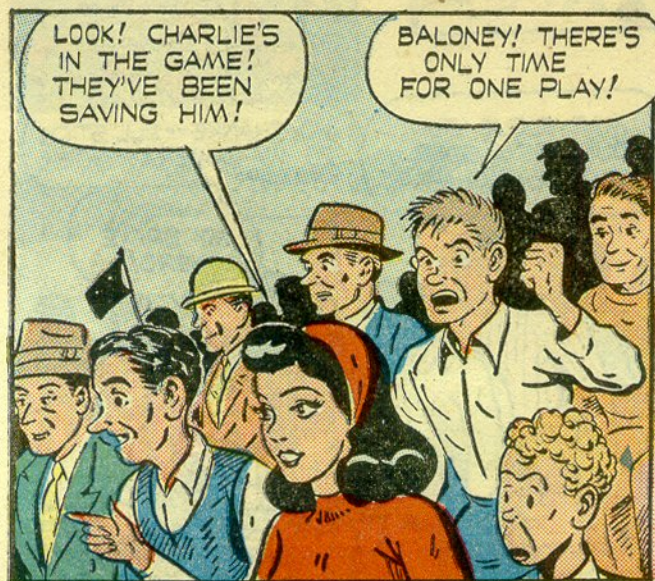
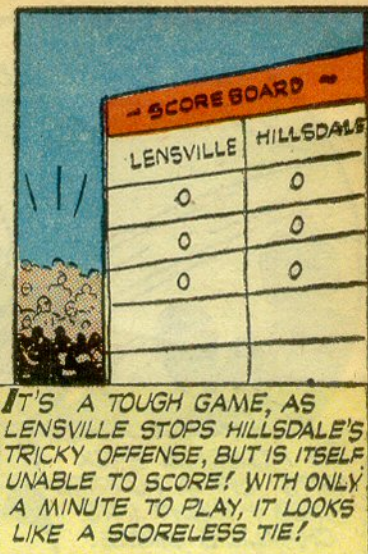
CHARLIE BUSILY SNAPS PICTURES FOR THE NEXT HOUR--













**YEOW!  
RUN, CHARLIE!**

**IT'S HIM!  
THE CAMERA MAN!  
THE GUY WHO  
STOLE OUR PLAY!**

**WHAT?  
HIT HIM HARD,  
BOYS--  
VERY HARD!**

**THE HILLSDALE BACK  
GETS OFF A HURRIED  
PASS-- RIGHT INTO  
CHARLIE'S ARMS!**



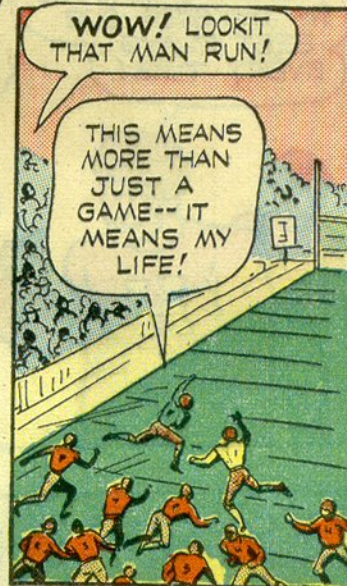
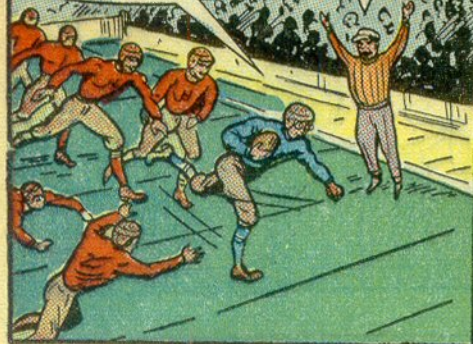
**YIPE! IF THEY  
EVER CATCH ME,  
I'LL BE READY  
FOR THE  
SCRAP HEAP!**

**STOP,  
YOU IDIOT!  
YOU'RE  
RUNNING THE  
WRONG WAY!**

**OVEREAGER BECAUSE OF  
THEIR RAGE, HILLSDDALE  
PLAYERS COLLIDE WITH  
EACH OTHER IN THEIR  
RUSH TO NAB CHARLIE,  
AS HE REVERSES HIS  
FIELD!**

**WOW! LOOKIT  
THAT MAN RUN!**

**THIS MEANS  
MORE THAN  
JUST A  
GAME-- IT  
MEANS MY  
LIFE!**



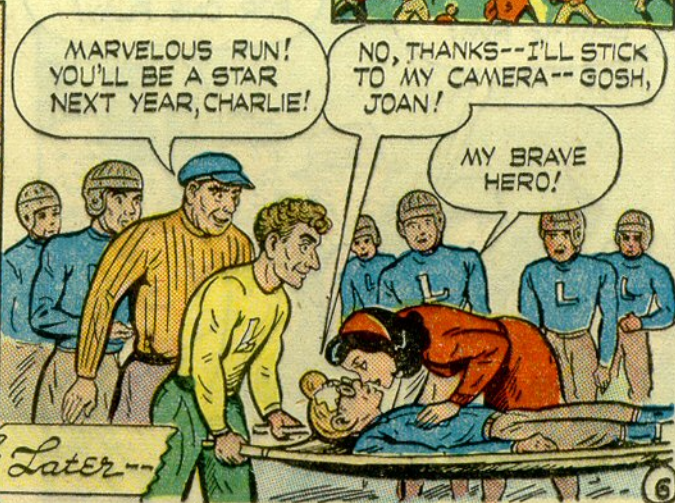
**TOUCHDOWN!**

**HURRAY!  
LENSVILLE WINS  
THE STATE  
CHAMPIONSHIP!**

**MARVELOUS RUN!  
YOU'LL BE A STAR  
NEXT YEAR, CHARLIE!**

**NO, THANKS--I'LL STICK  
TO MY CAMERA-- GOSH,  
JOAN!**

**MY BRAVE  
HERO!**



*Later--*

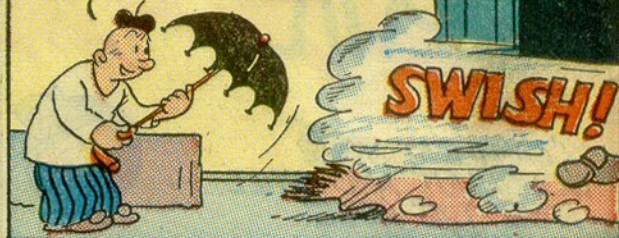


# FRAIDY-CAT PHIL

HE'S ALL WET

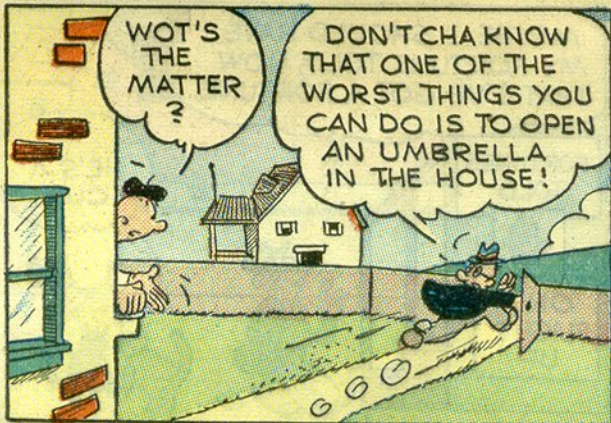


DID I SHOW  
YA MY NEW  
UMBRELLA,  
FRAIDY-CAT?



WOT'S  
THE  
MATTER  
?

DON'T CHA KNOW  
THAT ONE OF THE  
WORST THINGS YOU  
CAN DO IS TO OPEN  
AN UMBRELLA  
IN THE HOUSE!

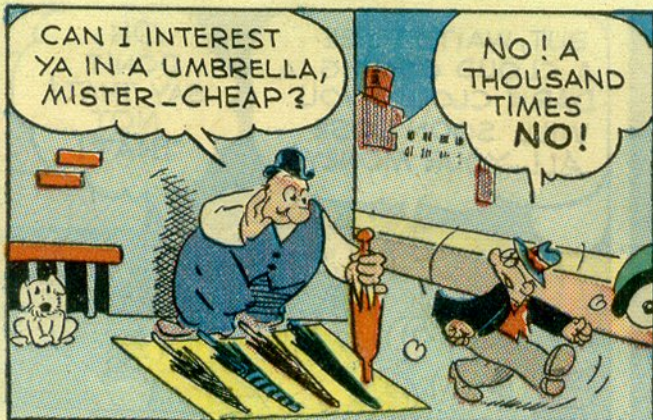


MORE OPEN  
UMBRELLAS...  
I MUSTN'T  
LOOK !!



CAN I INTEREST  
YA IN A UMBRELLA,  
MISTER - CHEAP?

NO! A  
THOUSAND  
TIMES  
NO!



IF I LIVE TILL  
THIS EVENING,  
AFTER ALL I'VE  
BEEN THROUGH  
TODAY, I'LL  
THANK MY  
LUCKY STARS.



OH! OH! IT'S  
BEGINNING TO  
RAIN - AN' ME  
WITHOUT A  
BUMBERSHOOT!



.. WOT'S THIS -  
AN UMBRELLA!...  
SOMEBODY MUST  
HAVE LEFT IT  
HERE!



WELL, OPEN  
UMBRELLAS  
AIN'T SO  
UNLUCKY  
AFTER  
ALL -



- OR  
AREN'T  
THEY  
?!!

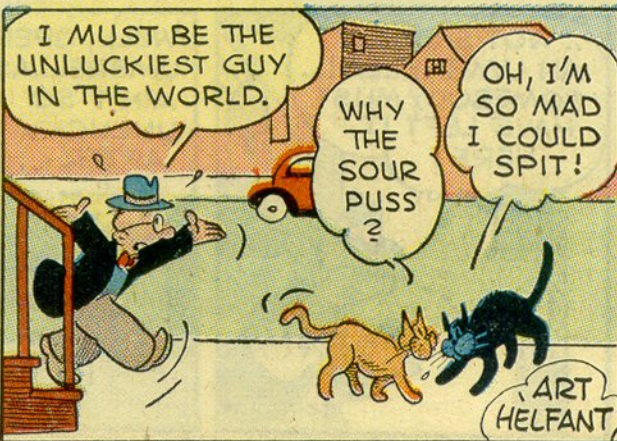
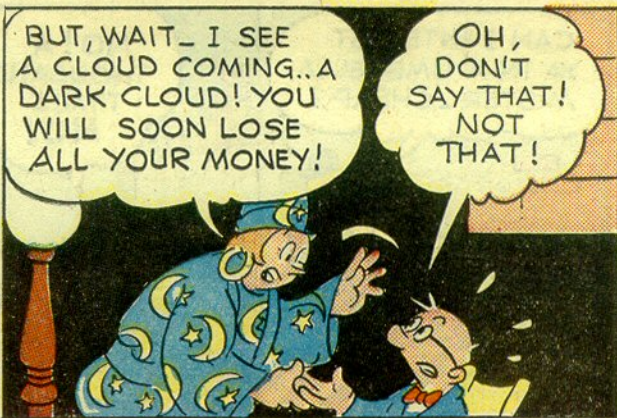
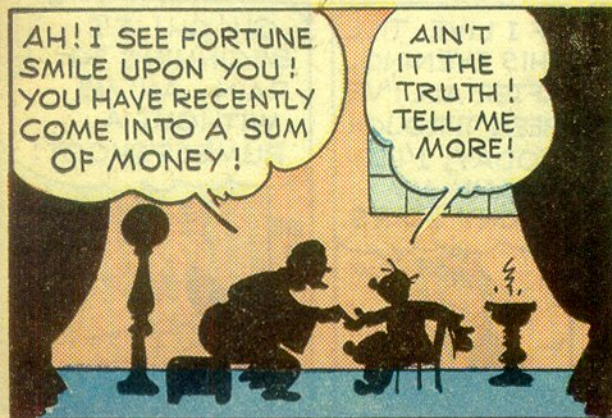
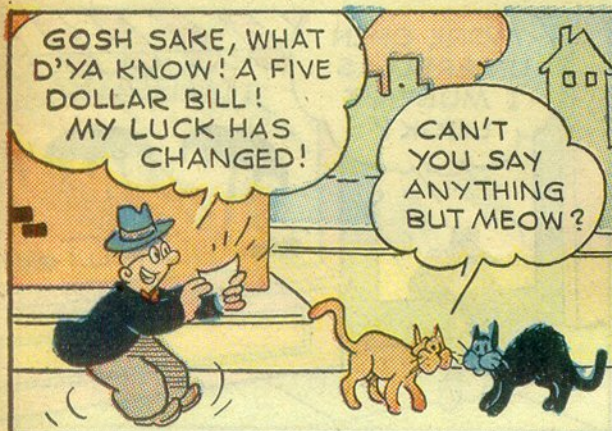
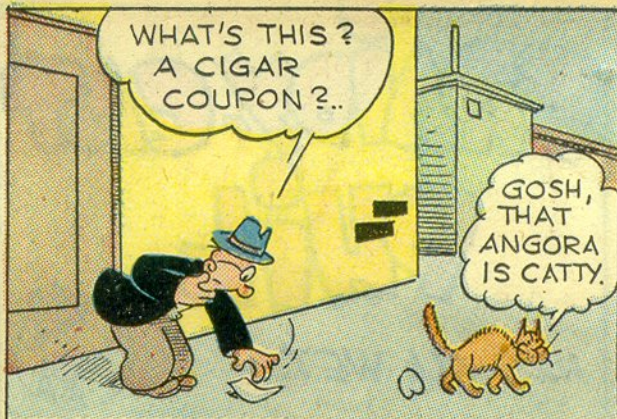


ART  
HELFBANT

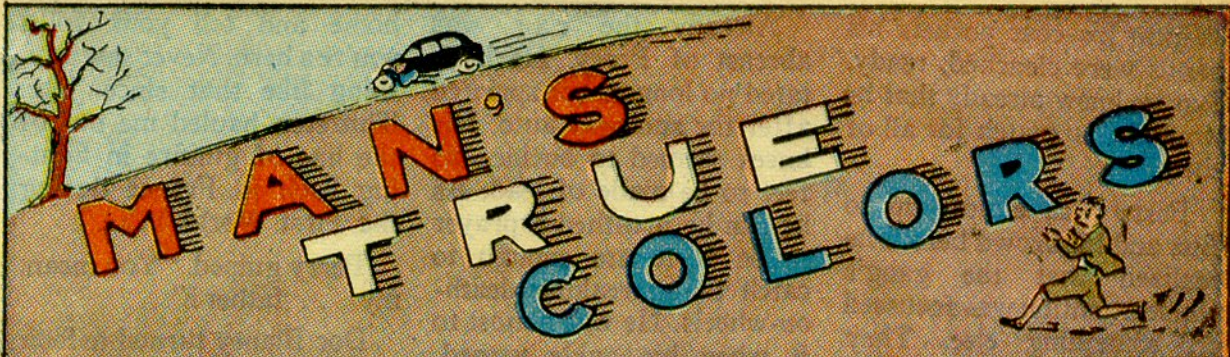


# FRAIDY-CAT PHIL

Y'CAN'T EAT YOUR  
DOUGHNUT AND STILL  
HAVE THE HOLE







**P**ERRY THURSTON left Clinton Junior High School and wished with all his heart that he was back at the orphanage. He would ever be grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Chase who had made him their son, and he could not and would not let them know. They thought it was good for him to attend public school. How could they realize how cruel some kids could be?

Pinning Buz Cronin's ears back for telling the lies about Perry's father had not helped to solve the problem; it merely made things worse. Everyone at school now would believe Buz, and his gang would whisper the lies over and over again.

Perry kicked a large pebble with the toe of his shoe and watched it bounce along the flagstone of the sidewalk. As he turned left at the end of the street and walked in an easterly direction toward the crown of the hill that overlooked the city, a great dread came over him. Buz Cronin lived on the hill and he would have to pass Buz's house. When Buz had made the insulting remark, Perry had been so mad that he had no fear of Buz or of anyone else. But now Buz would be waiting with his gang. It

would mean a beating and Perry was too sick at heart to explain a bloody nose.

Perry stood still at the top of the hill. Far below the city hummed. As men and women walked along the main street where it met the foot of the hill road, they looked like small moving dolls in a toy village. Perry's eyes scanned the hill road anxiously, rested half way down on a small group of kids. Buz Cronin and his gang!

All the heartbreak of the day came back to Perry as he hesitated at the top of the hill. And all the heartbreak of the years that had passed. And the loneliness and the disappointment.

Miss Mason had asked, "Who will act as monitor in the hall today?"

A hush came over the class, as if to indicate that no one was willing to take on a task that entailed the censure of his classmates. But to Perry, who had been taught responsibility early in his life, he saw only a chance to be helpful, and he raised his hand. Miss Mason smiled gratefully.

The bombshell exploded after school in the locker room. Buz Cronin and a few

of his pals were there putting on their coats.

"Here comes teacher's pet!" Buz sneered. The others laughed.

Perry pursed his lips, but without replying, went to his locker. Indifference was the one thing Buz could not appreciate. He glowered at Perry for a moment, then said with a slurring hate in his voice, "Some monitor! His old man died in the clink for robbin' a bank!"

Perry was not clear in his own mind just what had followed. He remembered Mr. Jones, the janitor, was pulling him from Buz whose back was on the concrete floor. Mr. Jones had sent Buz and his pals away and had talked a long while with Perry about fighting. Perry had not argued, but rather had protested over and over that his father had died in jail of a broken heart, because he was innocent of no greater crime than looking like the real criminal; that after his death the one who really had robbed the bank had confessed; that the shock had been too much for his mother's frail health and that she, too, had followed Perry's father to the grave.

The boy shuddered, started slowly on down the hill.



Within his coat pockets his hands were clenched, ready. But he knew already that he would be no match for all of them.

Perry was almost up to Buz and his crowd before he realized that the gang's whole attention was focussed on something else. They were climbing about and inspecting a black sedan parked at the curb. Perry held his breath and walked past as fast and as inconspicuously as he could.

When he had gone by, he breathed more easily with each step. Until he heard Buz say, "That's it. Turn the wheels out! Let 'er roll!"

Perry turned quickly, his eyes half popping from their sockets. Over the malicious chuckles of the gang Perry heard the light squeak of the car springs, saw at once the black sedan begin to gather speed as it rolled free down the hill. The kids were scattering, almost out of sight. Then suddenly both Perry and the Gang were frozen in their tracks. Little Sissy Cronin, Buz's sister, her dress caught on the bumper of the car, screamed helplessly as she bumped along with the lurching vehicle.

The black monster struck a stone in the road and its wheels turned it outward into the center of the pavement. Perry saw the awful import of the situation. Not only would Sissy be killed, but in a mere matter of seconds pain and death and destruction would strike with awful swiftness at the foot of the hill.

Already the car was abreast of Perry. He hesitated no longer, but sprinted after the runaway auto. His knees seemed to buckle, his feet to be made of lead. As he ran he breathed a prayer to be fortunate enough to catch that streaking death-on-wheels. He was almost to it when his ankle turned. Perry cried out, clutched blindly forward. His hand touched metal, the metal handle of the door and he hung on.

His feet scraped the pavement, his fingers ached as if they would break off. With a numb sort of spiritual strength he pulled himself forward. Then his knees somehow were on the running board. With a mad clutching horror he forced the door handle downward. He groped for the hand brake, felt the jolting, skidding and scraping of the car's tires as it fumbled to a stop.

Doc Blaney helped Perry to get out of the car. As he stepped onto the road, Buz's mother, crying and laughing at the same time, held Sissy in her arms. Mr. Cronin, seeing that Sissy was not seriously hurt, started meaningfully up the hill. Perry followed with his eyes, saw Buz shrink back as Mr. Cronin caught him by the collar and brought a heavy hand down. Perry turned away. Doc Blaney stood there, tight-lipped at first, then smiling quizzically at Perry.

"Get in, son," Doc Blaney said. "That was my car you rescued from those hoodlums. I'm going to drive you

home and tell your folks you're a hero. Never saw anything like that since John Thurston hauled me out of the line of gunfire in fighting back in France during the First World War."

Perry gulped. "You mean, my . . . father?"

Doc Blaney turned to look at Perry. "Your father was the finest man I ever knew. I suppose he never told you he saved his whole battalion single-handed by placing a machine gun right smack in front of the enemy lines and holding them off until reinforcements and ammunition arrived."

"I . . . I guess he might have told me, if . . ." Perry's voice was no longer adequate to carry his thoughts.

Doc Blaney said: "Shucks, son, there wasn't a man or woman believed John Thurston was guilty. The judge himself inferred as much when he sentenced him. But there was the evidence. Why, you know what?"

Perry could not speak, so Doc Blaney went on, "They're renaming the American Legion Post after your father, a sort of tribute to clear his name forever. . ."

It was a different Perry who walked from the car toward his new home. The John Thurston Post, American Legion! What could Buz and all his kind possibly ever say to hurt him now? His father's true colors would stand out forever. The whole world would be as proud of him as Perry was. The tears in Perry's eyes now were tears of joy and Perry let them come.



# THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



**K**IT CARTER, IN A BATTLE FOR HIS POPULARITY WITH A NEW CADET AT DAUNTON, WHO TRIES TO STEAL HIS THUNDER AND HIS GIRL. THERE IS A GREAT FOOTBALL GAME, AND THE CADETS PLAY IN THE GAME OF LOVE TOO!

WALTER  
JOHNSON



**C**LINT SMITH, A NEW CADET AT DAUNTON, HAS REPORTED FOR FOOTBALL PRACTICE. HE WAS A STAR AT PREP SCHOOL BEFORE ENTERING DAUNTON, AND HE RESENTS THE WAY THE DAUNTON STUDENTS LOOK UP TO KIT. DAN MERRY TALKS TO CLINT SMITH ---

HERE COMES KIT CARTER, HE WAS OUR STAR HALF-BACK LAST YEAR.

OH, YEAH? WELL, HE'LL HAVE A **SORE** BACK AFTER I TACKLE WITH HIM!



I'M JIM BARNES, COACH FOR DAUNTON.

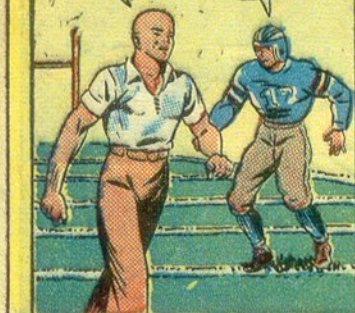
I'M YOUR NEW STAR HALF-BACK!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



I'LL TRY YOU AT END. YOU'LL BLOCK TACKLERS FOR CARTER!

I GET IT. I MAKE IT EASY FOR CARTER TO MAKE TOUCH-DOWNS!



THAT'S IT, EX-ACTLY!

BUT I'M A BALL CARRIER TOO!



IT'S ALL FOR DAUNTON, YOU KNOW!

WITH ME IT'S CLINT SMITH FIRST, DAUNTON SECOND!



LINE UP FOR A PRACTICE GAME. SMITH, YOU GO TO THE LEFT END. CARTER YOU'LL PLAY LEFT HALF!



WHERE'S SMITH?

OVER THERE, TALKING TO THOSE GIRLS!

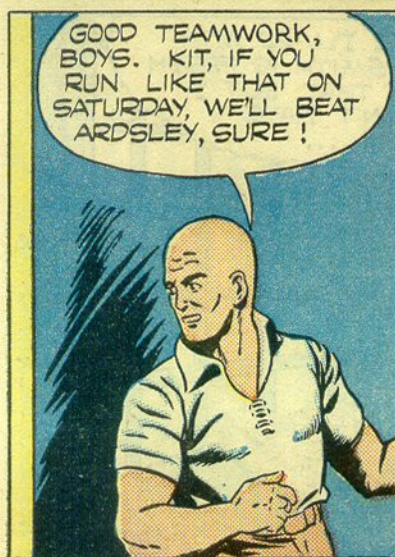
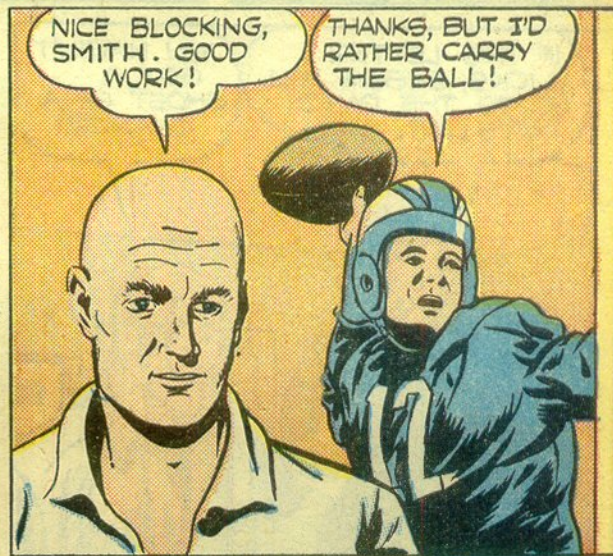


COME ON, SMITH, GET INTO THIS HUDDLE!

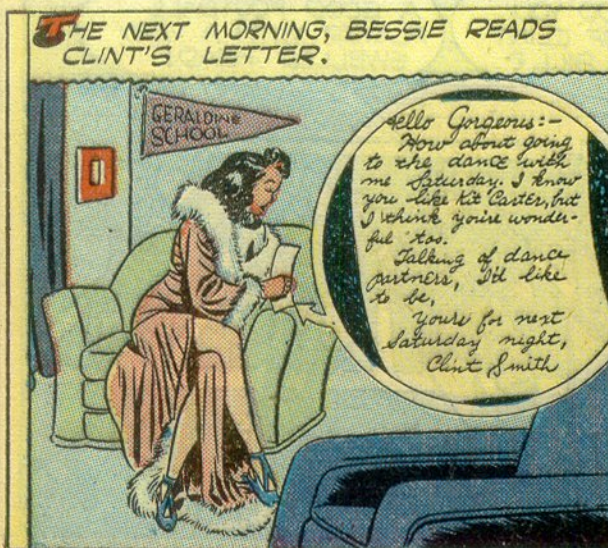
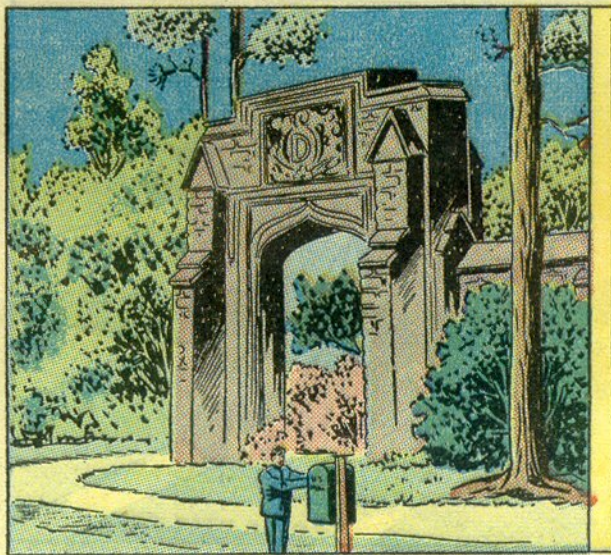
I'M TRYING TO ARRANGE A HUDDLE OF MY OWN!













THE DAY FOR THE GAME WITH ARDSLEY HAS ARRIVED.

WHO IS THAT GOOD-LOOKING CHAP TALKING TO KIT AND DAN?

THAT'S CLINT SMITH!

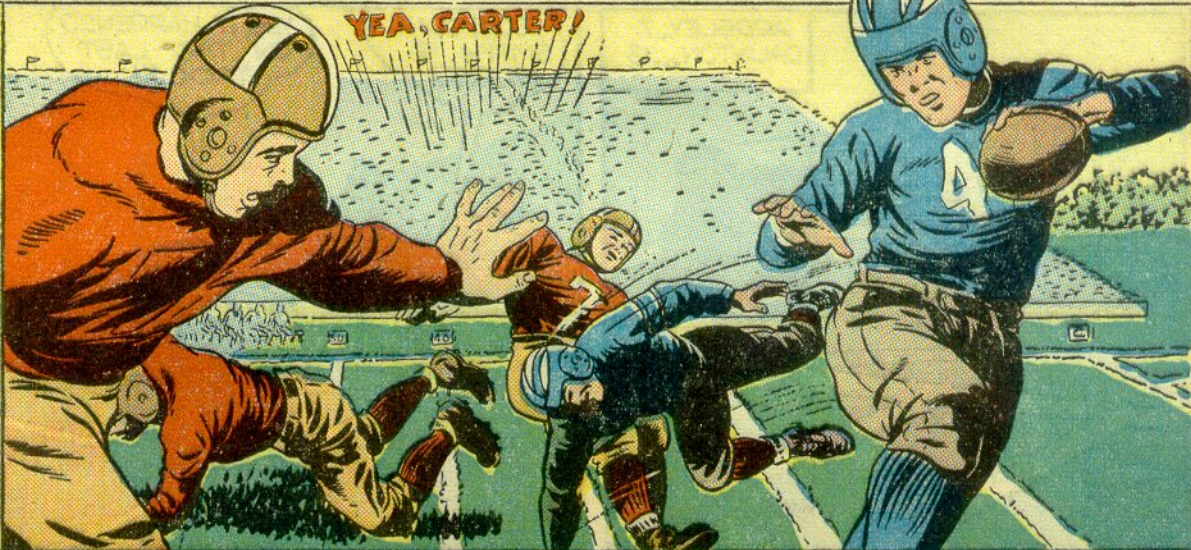
TEAM	SCORE
ARDSLEY	7
DAUNTON	6
PERIOD 3	DOWN 15

ARDSLEY, WITH A FAST ATTACK, HAS PUSHED OVER A TOUCHDOWN IN THE LAST FEW MINUTES OF THE 1st. QUARTER. DAUNTON BATTLES ON.



KIT CARTER RECOVERS A FUMBLE, AND IS ON HIS WAY FOR A TOUCHDOWN.

YEA, CARTER!



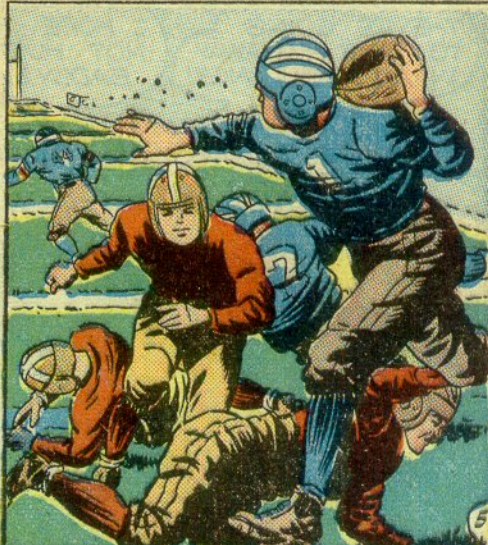
WE'VE GOT TO GET HOT, KIT!

I'M BURNING UP!

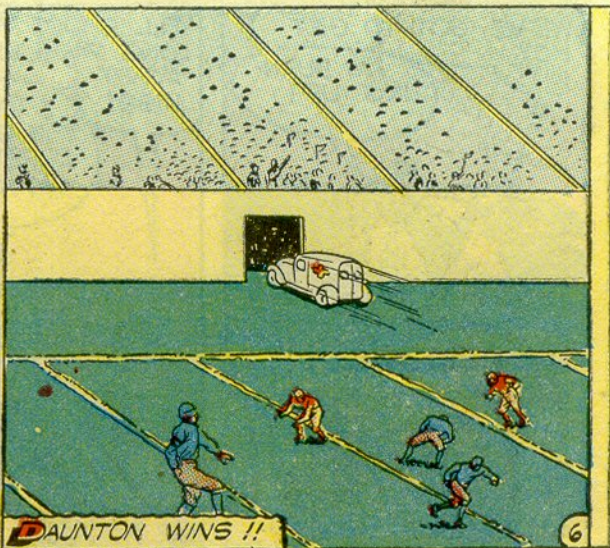
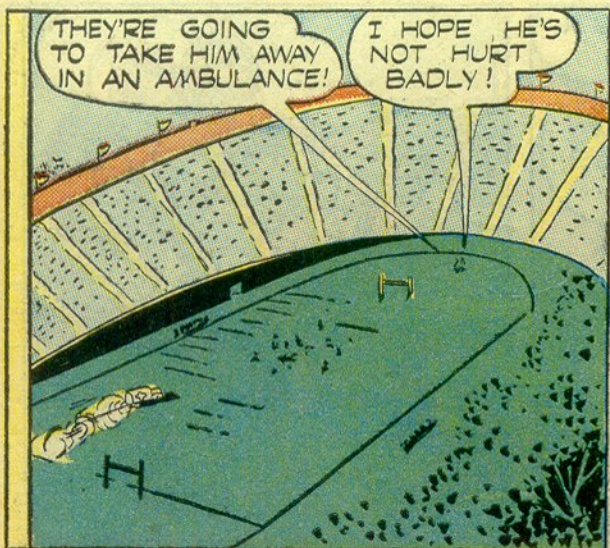
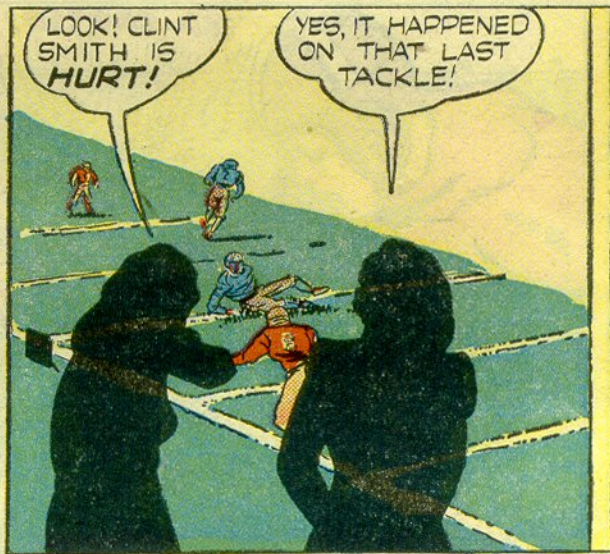
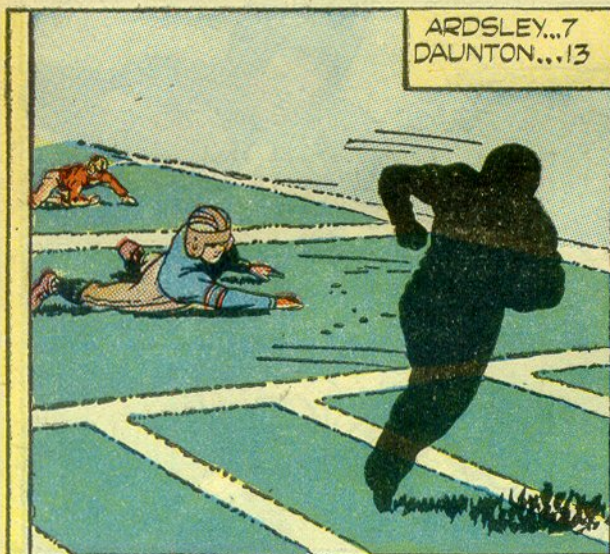
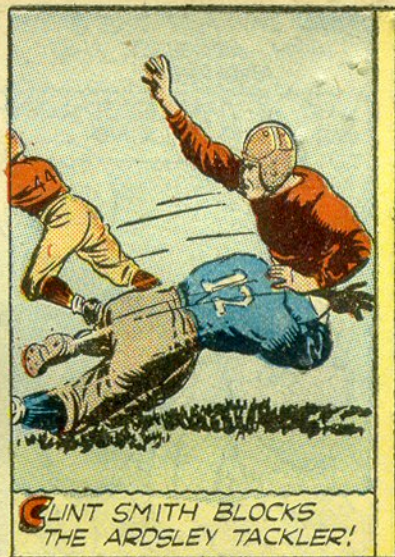
I'LL SHOOT YOU A LONG PASS, KIT. DON'T MISS!

I WON'T. THE GAME DEPENDS ON IT.

ALL THROUGH THE THIRD QUARTER, THE TEAMS BATTLE ON, BUT NEITHER CAN SCORE. SO, AT THE END OF THE THIRD QUARTER---IT'S 7-7..

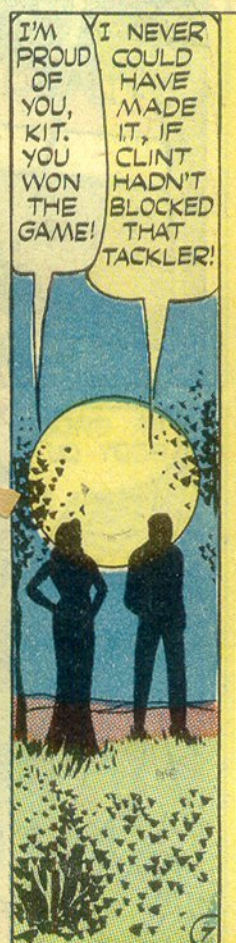




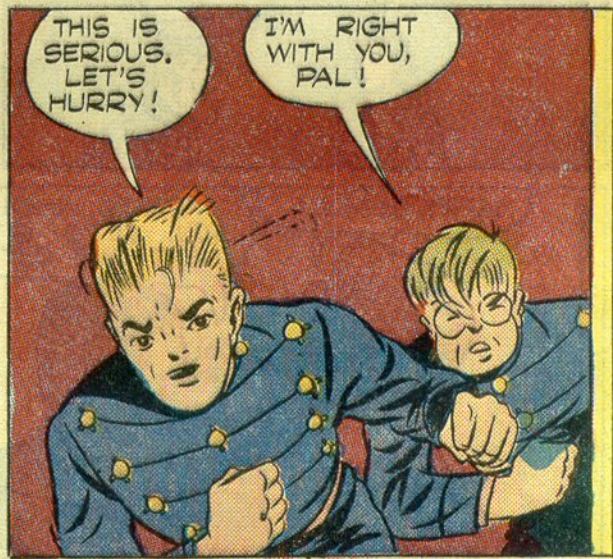


**Q**UESTION No. 14. What style of hair-do is the blonde girl in picture 2 wearing?







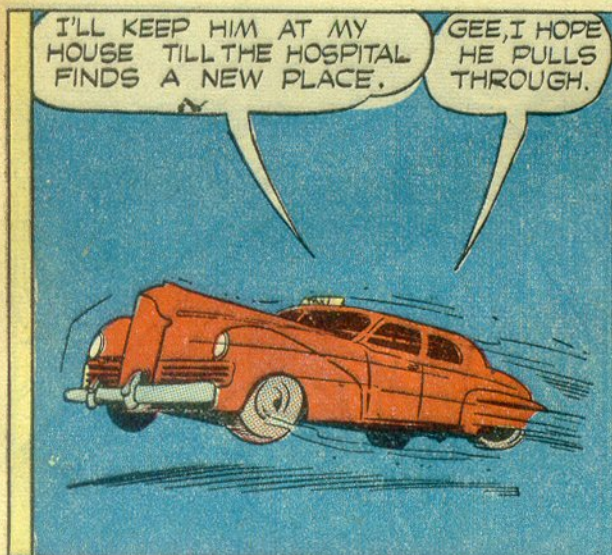


**Q**UESTION No. 15. What words does fortnight (meaning two weeks) come from?







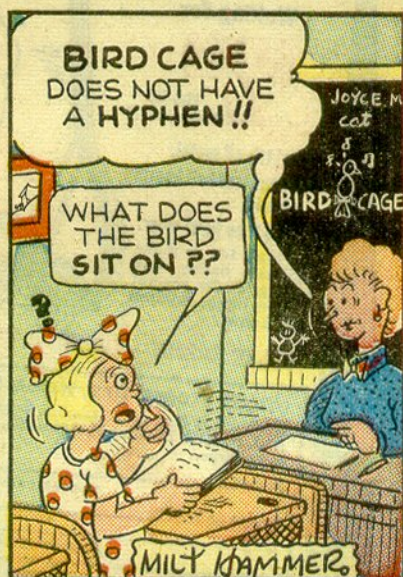
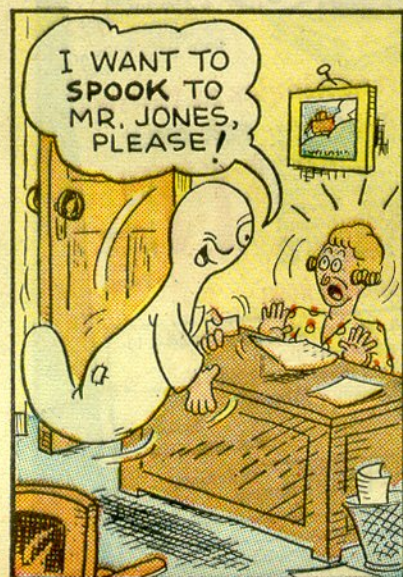
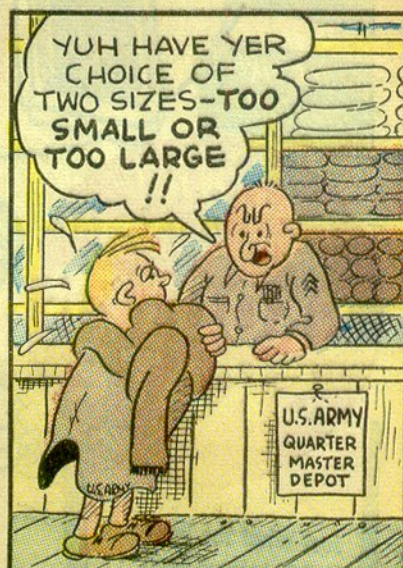
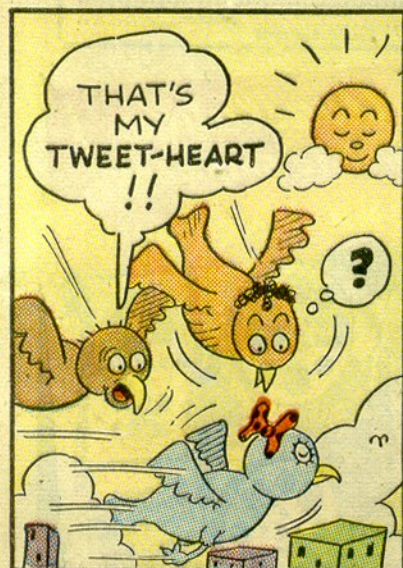
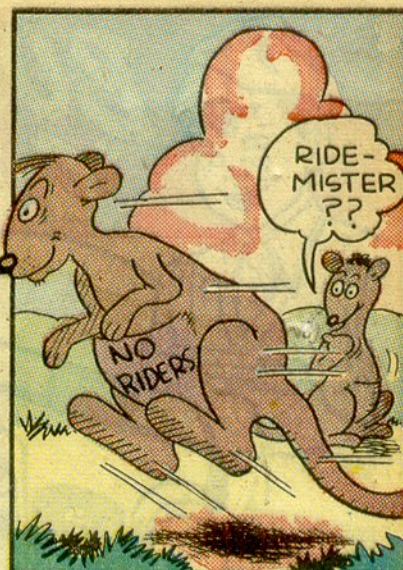
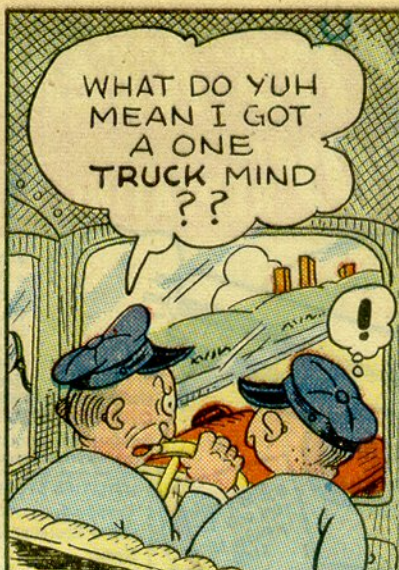




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I enclose \$..... Ship at once via express, charges collect, .....

G-Boy Repeating Cap pistols, ..... rolls of caps, and ..... holsters.

Name.....

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City..... State.....

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UTILITY STORES, 117 S. Wabash, Dept. L.B. Chicago 3, Ill.  
Enclosed is \$..... Send at once.

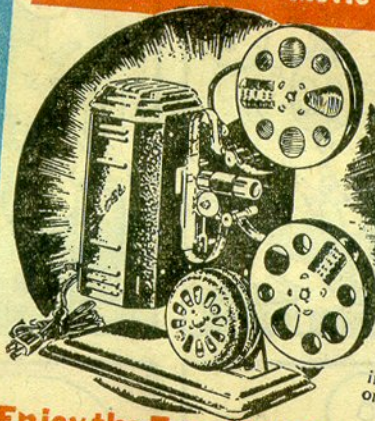
ALL STEEL Scooter Skates at \$2.59 each, plus 20c mailing charge.

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City..... Established 1906

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Street or R.F.D.....

City.....

State.....



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50 Ladies' Basket Mounting. Nice size center simulated diamond.



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4a Friendship Ring, solid sterling silver in the smart, popular Sweetheart design.



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7 Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver with 2 hearts linked. Beautifully engraved. (Forget-me-not)



61a Ladies' Engagement Ring set with 5 large brilliant simulated diamonds. Yellow gold color effect.



49 Ladies' single brilliant stone. Hard to tell from genuine diamond. Tiffany style high mounting.



10 Child's Signet Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect.



11 Wedding Ring. Raised floral design. White gold or yellow color effect, or sterling silver mounting.



59a Wedding Ring—Beautifully chased Yellow or white, gold color effect or solid Sterling Silver.



13. Men's Solitaire Ring with simulated diamond in square mounting. Yellow or white gold color effect.



14. Ladies' Solitaire Ring. Large center simulated diamond with smaller stones.



15a Men's Ring set with twin simulated 2 diamonds. White gold color effect.



62a Sterling Silver Friendship Ring (stamped sterling)



55 Ladies' large square cut stone. Gold plated sterling silver mounting. Stone comes in all colors.



18. Ladies' Birthstone Ring. White or yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver. Be sure to give birth month for proper color of stone.



19. Ladies' Solitaire, Engagement ring. Brilliant simulated diamond in white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



20. Ladies' Solitaire Engagement ring with 5 brilliant simulated diamonds in yellow gold color effect mounting.



60a Ladies' Engagement Ring set with large center simulated diamond and small stones on sides. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



22. Ladies' Solitaire engagement ring. Extra large, brilliant simulated diamond. Yellow or white gold color effect.



23. Ladies' Solitaire Engagement Ring, exceptionally brilliant simulated diamond. Tiffany Style setting. White or yellow gold color effect.



24. Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver. Beautifully engraved. Also used as wedding ring.



25. Ladies' Plain Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.

**DUE** to war shortages we may not always have your size in the style you want. To avoid disappointment, we suggest you mark your second and third choice in the space in coupon.



26. Men's Ring with large simulated Ruby also in assorted colored stones. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



17. Men's Ring with 2 sparkling simulated diamonds and ruby in center. Yellow gold mounting.



56 Cameo with small stone. White gold color effect.



30. Ladies' Birthstone Ring—stones come in all colors. Sterling Silver mounting (stamped in ring). State color stone desired.



35. Men's 3-Stone Ring with 3 simulated diamonds and ruby in center. Yellow gold color effect. Very smart number.



5a Men's Ring with single sparkling simulated diamond—yellow gold color effect.



33. Large center simulated Ladies' Solitaire Ring. Diamond—2 smaller sized stones. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



58 Indian Head Ring. Head is stamped in gold leaf.



35. Men's Signet Ring. White gold color effect mounting.



64a Men's simulated large square cut ruby. Yellow gold color effect.



37 Love & Friendship Ring. Chaste design also used as Wedding Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



38a Ladies' Solitaire Ring. Center stone is genuine diamond chip. Solid Sterling Silver mounting.



39 Ladies' Solitaire Ring. 3 sparkling simulated diamonds. White gold color effect mounting.



40. Men's Signet Ring, also for boys. White or yellow gold color effect mounting.



41. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with large center simulated diamond and 6 smaller stones. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



42 Hand Closed Love & Friendship ring. Rings come apart to form 2 rings. Made of sterling silver.



45 Ladies' Wedding Band. 7 large brilliant simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver.



44 Men's Wedding Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



43a Corozo Nut Ring. Hand carved from the nut of the Corozo Palm. Hand polished to a beautiful shiny black and set with simulated pearls. These rings are highly prized by the natives of Puerto Rico. There's a legend that Good Luck Always Follows The Wearer.



57 Hand Carved Corozo Nut Ring—Indian Head



43b Wedding Band. Set with sparkling simulated diamonds. White or yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver.

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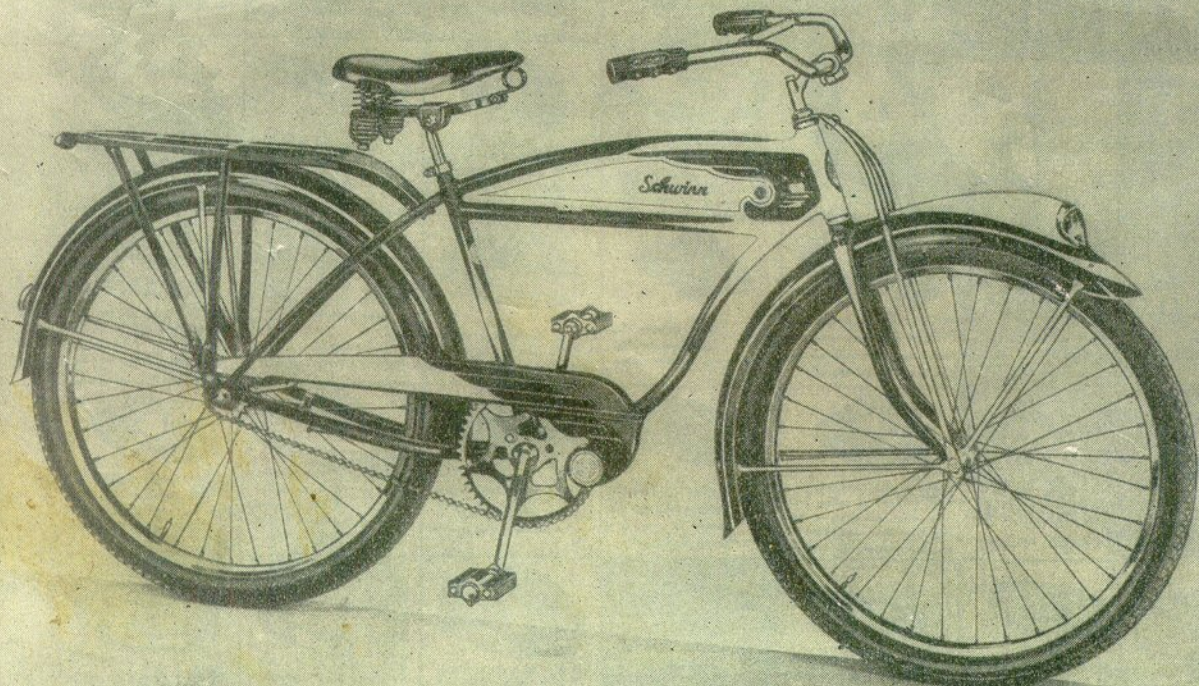
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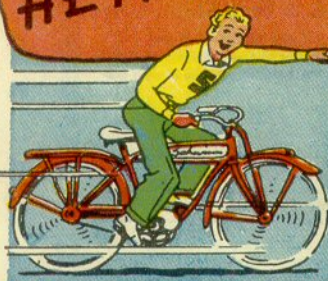
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